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Volume 2

November–December, 1920

Numbers 7 and 8

The Grail



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CONTENTS of THE GRAIL for NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1920

A WORD TO OUR READERS.....	196
"SENSE AT WAR WITH SOUL"—REV. ALBERT MUNTSCH, S. J.....	196
PRAYER	197
A DEPARTED SOUL SPEAKS—(Poem)—MARY WALL NEWMAN.....	197
TO A YOUNG SIR GALAHAD—(Poem)—LEONARD SCHWINN, O. S. B.....	197
A MUTUAL INTRODUCTION—ANSELM SCHAAP, O. S. B.....	198
LUIGI—MARY E. SULLIVAN.....	199
SOME ACTORS IN THE TRAGEDY OF ITALIAN UNITY—CAVOUR—FLORENCE GILMORE.....	204
JEANNE D'ARC LEADS THE WAY—CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.....	206
JOYCE KILMER AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT—MARION KINSDALE.....	209
ON THE SEA—(Poem)—CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.....	210
CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE—ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT.....	211
SECULAR OBLATES OF ST. BENEDICT—REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.....	212
NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.....	213
CHILDREN'S CORNER—AGNES BROWN HERING.....	217
ABBEY CHRONICLE.....	222

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We have opened four Scholarships for the benefit of poor young men who are studying for the priesthood at St. Meinrad Seminary. A Scholarship or Bursar of \$5000 is a perpetual fund, the interest of which is sufficient to pay for the board and tuition of one student throughout the entire course of his studies. When one has completed his course, another can take his place, then a third, and so on indefinitely. Give what you can and when you can.

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The Grail

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With Episcopal Approbation

Volume 2

St. Meinrad, Indiana, November-December, 1920

Numbers 7 and 8

A Word to Our Readers

A Double Number

Owing to our absolute inability to make up the time that was lost in installing machinery recently, we are issuing this number of THE GRAIL as a *double* number, calling it November-December. To be fair to our subscribers, that they may not lose out by the arrangement, we will advance their subscriptions one month, so that, for example, the subscriptions that would expire in December will be extended to January, and so on. We feel sure that this will meet with the approval of all our readers who will surely prefer to receive the paper on time rather than a month late.

Advent

"Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above," prayed the Jews of old, "and let the clouds rain the Just One; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Savior." This fervent petition of prophet and priest is still repeated every day during Advent by the priests of the New Law. Advent, the four Sundays with the intervening days that immediately precede Christmas, is set aside by the Church as a time of preparation for the coming of Christ on the Christmas festival. In the early ages of the Church Advent was a season of prayer, fasting, and other penitential works. But in the course of time she has so mitigated the rigors of her ancient discipline that scarcely a vestige of former austerity remains. Her liturgy, however, the Mass and Divine Office, is still penitential in tone. On Sundays and week days her priests are vested in violet, the color which is worn on fast days, and where the obligation of choir exists, Conventual Mass is not celebrated till after *None*, the same as on fast days.

While we are no longer required to practice austerities as a preparation for Christmas, it is still the desire of the Church that we do something over and above our ordinary works of piety that we may be better disposed to celebrate the Birthday of Christ. We can mortify our eyes and appetites by denying them what

they would like to see or taste; we can abstain from some little pleasure, keep away from places of amusement such as the movies, dances, and the like. If we offer up to God in the spirit of penance these mortifications whether they be self imposed or come from others, they will be acceptable to Him in atonement for our sins and shortcomings. We can try to hear Mass on week-days and receive Holy Communion every day, if possible. By all means let us make an effort to prepare the way of the Lord.

Thanksgiving—Gratitude

We are accustomed to look forward to Thanksgiving Day as a day of rejoicing, a day of merriment. Should not rather our hearts bubble over with gratitude to Almighty God for the bountiful harvests that He has given us this year? With lavish hand He has poured out upon our land the horn of plenty. Our cellars, granaries, barns are full to the bursting. Is it not meet that we set aside a day for giving thanks? What thanks do we render Him, the Giver of all good, for His manifold blessings? How do we show our appreciation? Is our gratitude of a practical kind? Do we, without respect to color, nationality, or religion, extend a helping hand to our less fortunate fellow men? Have we heard the pitiful voice of starving widow, of wailing child, and of the sore distressed in lands beyond the sea? Our newspapers are beginning to re-echo those cries and our hierarchy to plead for God's afflicted. Let not their words fall on deaf ears. If you have received plentifully, give bountifully. If you have but little, give of that little. Your reward will not be measured out according to the smallness of your gift, if your means are few, but according to the love with which you give. Listen to the words of Archbishop Mundelein, of Chicago, in his appeal to relieve the condition of the children of Austria and to help the women, the sisters, and the men of religious orders:

The most pitiable spectacle of all however, is the

(Continued on page 221)

"Sense at War with Soul"

REV. ALBERT MUNTSCHE, S. J.

IN the Epilogue to his famous poem, *The Idylls of the King*, the poet laureate, Tennyson, dedicating the work "To the Queen," says: "But thou, my Queen, Accept this old imperfect tale, New-old, and Shadowing Sense at war with Soul."

In these words we find the key to Tennyson's famous poem, one of the gems of the literature of the nineteenth century. He did not so much wish to give us an heroic picture of the mighty deeds and adventures of King Arthur of the Round Table, as Geoffrey of Monmouth and Sir Thomas Malory had done. He rather wished to show in the twelve magnificent cantos composing the *Idylls* the glory which comes to those who struggle to maintain noble ideals.

Shortly after the foundation of his memorable order of knighthood, the far-famed Table Round, the knights were individually bid to come up to the king, and laying their hands in his, to pledge their fealty and swear to uphold the ideals of his court:

To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity.

Certainly, if anyone, besides Tennyson himself, could tell us the deeper meaning of the poem, it is the son of the poet-laureate. In the biography of the poet, published by the present Lord Tennyson in 1897, the latter states that from conversations with his father he would gather that in the *Idylls of the King*, Arthur should be taken as a man who spent himself in the cause of honor, duty, and self-sacrifice, who felt and aspired with his nobler Knights, though with a stronger conscience, than any of them a man who might only possibly be taken to typify conscience."

Any interpretation which departs from the spirit of these (Tennyson's) own words would certainly be amiss and far-fetched. *The Idylls of the King*, therefore, represents Arthur as an ideal Christian man and ruler who strives by wearing "the white flower of a blameless life," to lead his people to higher ideals of Christian

virtue. Doing this, he spent "himself in the cause of honor, duty, and self-sacrifice." Of the hero of the *Idylls* it has been said rightly that he "stands out as a mystic incarnation." Christ-like man, pure, noble, unerring. He is the perfect flower of purity and Chivalry.

But alas for human frailty! The glorious pledges of the knights are broken. Sin and wickedness have found an entrance into the Arthurian court, nay more, they have sullied and dissolved the honored company of the Round Table. What dire calamities follow in the wake of these sins, these broken pledges, these offenses against the God of stainless purity! War breaks forth and burning villages light up the plain. With the twelve great battles, come "sword and fire, red ruin, the breaking of laws." Surely in these poems we see realized the word of the Seer of the Old Law—"the wages of sin is death," and we learn that the fruit of iniquity is more bitter than gall and wormwood.

And what are the pains in the heart of the great King when he beholds the evil conduct of his false Knights who had sworn "to reverence their conscience as their King"? Almost single-handed he fights the battle against wickedness and corruption that have crept into and stained his honored court. For spreading farther and farther, the evil example had laid its poisonous fangs on all save the King, Sir Bors, Galahad, Percival, and his sister. Strong in an unflinching trust in his God, Arthur wars against Lancelot, Tristram, and the rest of the false Knights and against the malignant influences unchained by their falling away from their high resolves.

Arthur bravely and gladly goes to his death in that "last, dim, weird battle of the west" . . . it has been so decreed—but first he has forgiven all those who wronged him in breaking their vows. He has pardoned the guilty queen; to her he spoke those almost priestly words: "To lean on our fair father Christ and so to purify thy soul." And after three brief years, when she had passed "to where beyond these

voices there is peace," then he himself "in the white winter of his age" received his death wound in the fierce battle near the winter sea—from his own kindred Modred—the last dread result of the sin that had crept into the ranks of the Table Round.

Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* may henceforth be classed among those great books that have become life teachers of our time. For the poem teaches anew the high lesson that there is nothing nobler than to serve one's God, and to keep one's soul in peace and free from the tainted breath of sin.

The Arthurian story is therefore but another version of that old tale of sin and sorrow against which we must all fight during our allotted span of life. "Sense" and the things of sense, that is, sin and its results, are ever at war with soul, that is, with the higher part of man created in the image of the all holy God. Yet how grateful we may be to the poet that through his *Idylls* there breaks the gleam of hope! If "sense" unhappily has soiled the "soul," oh then, let us come back to "our fair father Christ." King Arthur, remaining true to his high duty as a Christian man, king and consort, while all around him is the darkness of sin, shows that men, even when tempted, may vanquish "sense" and sin, and keep fair the "soul," and preserve their better selves untainted by the foul blot of sin. If the falling away of the knights of King Arthur's court represents the inroad of sin upon man's soul, then Arthur, says an interpreter of the poem, Arthur, "the highest of human men, slaying beasts, driving out the heathen, is not only the just king of the romantic chroniclers but man's spiritual ideal overcoming base passion."

Prayer

Prayer is never made in vain, and no man lives the life of prayer uncertain of its certainty. Not this answer to this prayer nor that answer to that, shall convince you; but the slow result of time and trial.

Prayer is sacrifice, and though the answer you desire and look for may never come, no sacrifice is vainly offered. Not all the incense-smoke goes upward. It descends upon him who carries the burning censer of prayer; it en-

wraps him; the cloud rises between him and the rude, wild world, and the influence comes upon him, for soothing and calm. It is the touch of God.

There is a thrilling ecstasy of prayer in mercy granted, in favors obtained, in relief vouchsafed to bodily or mental pain. It comes swiftly; it hovers fitfully. There is a hallowed calm of prayer ungranted, of hope denied. It comes slowly; it comes after long wrestling, after sore strife, but it departs not at all.

"He hath done all things well." So we see, finally; so we learn to be at peace, assured that what He does must be always well.

A Departed Soul Speaks

MARY WALL NEWMAN

Men said I failed, because I had not gained
The earthly height to which I had aspired;
Because my poor feet stumbled, tripped and mired,
And I fell back, my goal still unattained,
They said I failed.

Men say I died, because I closed mine eyes
On the cold world and shallow joy it gives;
They do not say of me, "My dear friend lives
A higher life in some sweet Paradise";
They say I died.

But ah, my friends, I have not failed nor died—
I have not missed my aim nor lost my goal—
With faith I stemmed life's ever surging tide,
I live, I breathe, a saved, immortal soul.

To a Young Sir Galahad

LEONARD SCHWINN, O. S. B.

No spurs clink on your lusty heel,
No breast-plate do you wear;
For visor and for helmet steel
You do not seem to care.

Your lance and broad sword sleeping are,
Your shield all dusty lies,
And yet, O youth, I see the star
Of knighthood in your eyes.

Without a warrior's gallant weeds
You play your manly part;
A hero full of valiant deeds,
For pure is your young heart.

Now as you kneel in silence here
In prayer before the altar rail,
On your fair brow there shineth clear
The Knighthood of Christ's Holy Grail.

A Mutual Introduction

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"I presume you have gone to Holy Communion today," said Father Gilbert after Carl Jones had seated himself comfortably near his pastor in the rectory office.

"Sure, Father. You know I never miss a day if I can help it. Much less would I remain away on Sunday."

"But I failed to see you, Carl."

"Oh, I went to St. Stephen's with George Finch, a friend of ours from Columbus, who is here on a visit. But, Father, both the priest and the server recited the Communion prayers so loud and so solemnly that I was distracted. What do all those prayers mean anyway? Would you give me a little light on the subject?"

"Most willingly, Carl. The prayer which the server says you knew as an altar boy."

"No, Father, I didn't, for I never served at the altar."

"Well, what prayers do you say when you go to confession?"

"Nowadays the children begin with 'Bless me, Father,' or something like that, but I have always been accustomed to say the prayer, 'I confess to Almighty God,' as we learned it in instructions for Confession."

"Very well, Carl, now omit the reference to your last confession and the enumeration of your sins and you have the very same prayer that the server recites in the name of all the communicants before Holy Communion."

"But, Father, why should this sort of confession be made at this particular time?"

"To give us to understand with what sentiments we are to approach the Holy Table. We are to be truly contrite for our sins and fully conscious of our lowliness and sinfulness. The priest himself who receives the Body of our Lord during Mass makes this same confession in the prayers at the foot of the altar."

"I see, but why mention all those saints? Is there any special reason for it?"

"Yes, we ask them to intercede for us. The Blessed Virgin is mentioned because she is Queen of all Saints and St. Michael represents the angelic host. Besides this he was the guard-

ian of the old covenant to which, as members of the Church, we have succeeded. St. John the Baptist is the representative saint of the Old Testament whilst the saints of the New Testament are represented by Saints Peter and Paul. We cannot call upon each saint by name so we choose one or two from each class and then add by way of conclusion, 'and all the saints.' Thus we invite the whole heavenly host to be present and to assist us during this sublime act at which heaven marvels."

"What are the words that the priest says after this confession is made?"

"The priest, who in this confession has himself been asked to intercede for the communicants, pronounces the so-called *absolution*, 'May Almighty God have mercy on you, and forgive you your sins, and bring you to everlasting life,' to which the server answers, 'Amen.' He then continues, 'May the Almighty and merciful Lord grant you pardon, absolution, and remission of all your sins,' which is also followed by the server's 'Amen.'"

"Is this absolution the same as that given in the sacrament of Confession?"

"Oh no! This is not sacramental absolution but only a prayer of intercession for the removal from the soul of its venial sins and imperfections provided the communicants have the proper interior disposition. It is, in other words, an exhortation and an admonition on the part of the priest to the communicants that they may arouse themselves to great sorrow and compunction to receive Christ with more profound humility and greater purity of heart."

"Father, what does the priest say when he shows the Sacred Host to the people?"

"Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him Who taketh away the sins of the world,' and then he repeats thrice an adaptation of the centurion's humble prayer, 'Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only speak the word and my soul shall be healed.'"

"Father, have these prayers a special meaning too?"

"To be sure. By the first we are asked to

gaze on the Sacred Host and to make an act of lively faith and confidence in Christ's infinite power and love as manifested especially in this sacrament. By the second prayer, which we ought to repeat each time after the priest and strike our breast at each repetition, we are to acknowledge that of ourselves we are utterly helpless and unworthy to receive the Lamb of God and that it is only by the almighty word of this same Lamb that we can become worthy."

"Yes, I understand, Father, but what is the prayer that the priest recites when he places the Sacred Host on the tongue of the communicant?"

"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul unto everlasting life. Amen." Thus he prays that in our case Christ's own words may be fulfilled. 'He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up on the last day.' It is a prayer that we may save our soul. At the same time we receive a divine pledge assuring us of salvation, provided we place no obstacle in the way. Thus you see that after we have answered the door bell of grace all these prayers seem to introduce us to the Lord and the Lord to us."

"Father, sometimes after you have distributed Holy Communion you turn around at the altar and give us your blessing. I have often wondered what you were saying."

"Yes, Carl, when the priest distributes Holy Communion outside of Mass, he usually blesses those present. With his face towards the altar he raises and joins his hands and says, 'May the blessing of God the Almighty,' then turning to the people and making the sign of the cross over them, he continues, 'of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost descend upon you and abide (with you) forever. Amen.'"

"Such a blessing must be very powerful."

"Under the circumstances, Carl, it most assuredly is, for it comes from the tabernacle of the altar, where Christ dwells, and it goes to the tabernacle of the heart into which the same Christ but a moment before made His entry."

"It has been exceedingly kind of you, Father, to devote so much of your time to the instruction of an ignorant fellow like me. The Lord reward you for it. I think I shall receive Holy Communion tomorrow with more intelligence, with greater attention, and with more fervent devotion."

Luigi*

MARY E. SULLIVAN

AFTERNOON recess was in full swing at the Da Vinci School. Doors and windows were wide-flung; shrieks of childish joy intermingled with a wild gibberish in shrill voices. A sputtering of native Italian from some of the urchins, and a spouting of American jargon from others, resounded up the stairways and through the corridors.

"Go it, Tony! Go it! Foul out! Oh, boy, our innings!" came pealing from the courtyard. Piping snatches of "Heigh-ho, Felario, the Farmer in the Dell." floated up from the basement playrooms at momentary intervals together with sounds of scampering feet active in various merry game's, the whack, whack of the jump-rope on the cement-walk and shouts

of "It's Mike's shot! Hey! Pasquale, knuckle down! Ah, here's yer ole falsies! Give me back me agate!"

High above the confusion, "We won't come home till it's over over there!" reverberated in lusty chorus from the boys' playroom. Freedom and abandon surged and rioted until a gong clanged its most unwelcome signal for order. Instantly the shouts of the "fans" ceased, "The Farmer in the Dell" was forgotten, and the boys' chorus broke off suddenly at "We won't come home——!"

Jump-ropes were quickly reeled, marbles pocketed, bats and balls secreted; then there was an onward rush in several directions for places in the ranks. Teachers hastened to various posts of duty in the corridors and on the "landings" between floors, while twenty-

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two hundred pupils, lined up in the four extreme corners of the large building, began to march up-stairs.

When most of the children had passed into their classrooms, only a few stragglers remaining in the lines, Miss Easton was startled by echoes of hilarious laughter and loud talking in the distance. Hastening up the stairs, she sped along in the direction of her room.

"It can't be possible," she assured herself, "that *my* pupils are disorderly."

As she neared the door, however, she became more and more convinced that pandemonium had "let loose" in "seventeen." She heard shouts of "Bravo! Go to it, boy!" etc., followed by vigorous hand-clapping.

One long stride brought her into the presence of the astonished, shame-faced children. (It was just a trifle early for teacher to appear and quite embarrassing to be caught, you know.) Miss Easton's face mirrored the shock and disappointment she experienced when she saw Luigi Vincentori, with arms gesticulating wildly, executing a fantastic dance on the top of his desk for the riotous amusement of his fellows. Beads of perspiration oozed from his handsome olive-complexioned face; his black eyes flashed mischievously, defiantly; his dark curls bobbed about like eggshells on a stormy sea, one leg of his tattered knee-trousers hung down to the top of his torn and dusty shoe.

Two score pairs of eyes turned doorward; a sudden lull in the storm of applause and "catching of breaths" were danger signals to Luigi. He stopped dancing instantly and turned to look. At sight of his teacher he jerked himself together and stood for a moment in overmastering chagrin, one nervous hand tugging at his begrimed suspenders as if for support in his terrible dilemma, the other clutching the air convulsively. Suddenly he leaped to his seat, and hid his face and tousled head.

Miss Easton stared; she breathed deeply as if enraged. The ticking of the clock was distinctly audible, solemnly intoning, it seemed, a dire foreboding. Tense expectation seethed over the awestruck children, now sitting upright with folded hands. Fearsome seconds drifted into awful minutes as Miss Easton remained in statuesque indignation.

From a back seat in a far corner of the room Emilio Stampanata, a boy much idler and taller than any of his classmates, and with a reputation for lying, watched her narrowly, shifting his glinting eyes now and then to glare threateningly at Luigi, his step-brother. Miss Easton, concentrating all her attention on the dancer, did not notice Emilio at all.

"Luigi Vincentori," the exasperated teacher announced in tones of austere dignity and sharp severity, "I shall see you after school. I can't waste time with you now."

Then dropping dejectedly into her chair, she remarked with biting sarcasm, "I should think you *would* hide your face in shame! Fine conduct for the drummer-boy of the Da Vinci School! Honorable indeed!"

A wave of relief surged over the class. The members assumed an air of injured righteousness. Yes, Luigi had *disgraced* them. *They* had been mere innocent on-lookers. The punishment should and would fall on his guilty head. Luigi with sinking heart, realized that he was deserted, left undefended to bear the ignominy of his disgrace.

Emilio Stampanata's ugly features flickered with a play of triumph and malice; he chuckled within himself because teacher didn't even look at him once and although he had "put one over" on Luigi, Luigi wasn't blamin' nothin' on him—"some luck all right!"

There was a swift turning of heads, a craning of necks, and a biting of lips, by way of derision for Luigi, as Miss Easton continued disgustedly,

"I'm so sorry that one of my pupils has so outrageously disgraced himself and his class that I really can't *talk* about it!"

Then, after she had peremptorily set "A" class to work on ten difficult arithmetic problems, she plunged "B" class into a recitation of their neglected history lesson. Luigi, submerged in the abyss of his disgrace and guilt, timidly raised his head and began to work. He toiled hard to solve the problems and to arrange his paper neatly. He was just half way through his task when he was absolutely overcome by an irresistible drowsiness which had been gradually stealing over him. His head began to nod, nod; he tried to rouse himself

with a vigorous jerk of head and body, but his eyelids drooped persistently.

Struggling harder and harder to keep awake he rubbed his grimy fists into his heavy eyes, stiffened his back and tackled the next "esample," but tired nature gained the mastery, his curly head sank lower and lower until it was buried in his chubby arms and he was fast asleep. Emilio Stampanata watching closely from the other side of the room, drew teacher's attention to Luigi but Miss Easton did not disturb the culprit until after dismissal at three-fifteen. Then——

"Wake up, Luigi!" she commanded, shaking his shoulder. "Wake up and tell me the meaning of your disgraceful conduct this afternoon!"

Luigi did not stir, but Miss Easton went on relentlessly,

"Why did you throw the class into antics, then neglect your work, and calmly go to sleep in school?"

Luigi awoke with a start. He lifted his head in dazed bewilderment and looked about him. Gradually he came to remember his horrible predicament and, with tears welling up in his eyes, he pleaded piteously,

"Teacher, dere ain't no 'scuse fer me; I *know* it. But, please, teacher, forgive me! *Please!*"

Miss Easton glared reproachfully.

"I've been so surprised! I thought I could trust *you*, Luigi," she said.

"I won't never, never do it no more! I'm sorry, teacher, an' I'll do anything to—watch-you-call-it,—atone! Sure, teacher I will!"

In her heart of hearts Miss Easton relented, but she gave no outward sign. In fact, she scowled severely, for although she intended ultimately to assure Luigi, with a warning for the future, that he was pardoned, it would never do, she mused, to yield to his entreaties too soon. She must impress him deeply with the seriousness of his offence. Accordingly, during several minutes of ominous silence she continued to scowl.

Teacher's scowling was bitter medicine to Luigi. His muscles twitched agonizingly in the seeming hopelessness of his pleading. Then, all of a sudden, the door burst open, and an

unkempt, bedraggled youngster thrust in his head and shouted,

"Miss Easton, youse wanted on the phone. They're holdin' the wire!"

Luigi's heart throbbed with renewed hope. "Ain't I lucky though!" he thought. "Teacher 'll surely let me go now! I won't be so awfully late gettin' home an' I won't git sech a terrible lickin', only a *couple* of kicks, may be but——"

"Remain in your seat until I come back," warned teacher with a backward glance as she hastened from the room.

Luigi closed his eyes to shut out the sight of her retreating figure; his heart sank despairingly, his mind drifted and brooded over his troubles, troubles of which Miss Easton was wholly ignorant. Luigi would never reveal them to her, for he had a lofty sense of honor, a keen sensitiveness, and a heritage of family pride locked up in his manly soul.

Emilio was jealous of Luigi's popularity with the boys, of the praise for good conduct and good work which teacher always gave to Luigi, and especially of his appointment as drummer-boy of the school. It was maddening to Emilio to observe the martial array of the dismissal ranks marching out to the tattoo of Luigi's drum. At home there was a reversal of these conditions and relations. Emilio was favored by his father, and Luigi, the stepson, was gruffly kicked about. Harsh words were his daily portion.

The dance executed on the schoolroom desk was the same with which Luigi, on top of the cigar and cigarette counter, nightly entertained the customers in his stepfather's pool-room, and for which they invariably dropped extra shekels into the proprietor's hat. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, he played the drum. There was always much whooping, cheering, and clapping of knees by way of appreciation of his splendid efforts.

At midnight when the last staggering sot had been turned away and the door barred and bolted, Luigi with a cast-off small coat for a pillow, and a ragged overcoat for cover, fell fast asleep on the counter where he remained until with cruel words and brutal blows, his step-father aroused him at 5 A. M.

Luigi, for his mother's sake, bore all these hardships and cruelties as manfully as he could. His mother's heart throbbed with sympathy and, in secret, she was lavish in demonstrations of her affection. She dared no open provocations of still harsher treatment for her boy at the hands of his step-father, however.

Emilio, shy, cunning and sluggish of brain, had been actuated by real malice in daring Luigi to dance on top of his desk that afternoon, fully expecting that he would be caught, punished, and perhaps deposed as drummer-boy. It was not in Luigi's nature to withstand a dare from *anybody*, but above *all*, from *Emilio*. He realized now that he was a victim of Emilio's scheming. Emilio, he was sure, had hurried home to report his brother's disgrace to the head of the family.

Many times during the lonely, torturing minutes that dragged away so slowly, thoughts of the punishment awaiting him at home sorely tempted Luigi to run away.

"No, I won't do that! I ain't no angel guy, I guess, but I won't do nothin' like that! I'll take the worstest lickin' first!"

A rough voiced urchin poked his scraggly head in at the door and urged,

"Beat it, Luigi! Come on—now's yer chanst!"

"I ain't lookin' fer no chanst! Go along, Joe!"

"Fraidy Cat!" scoffed Joe as he banged the door and scurried down stairs.

Miss Easton, returning at last, announced curtly,

"You may go now. I can't bother with you. I must hurry downtown."

Luigi, keenly hurt by the sting and scorn of this dismissal, left the school-house unutterably sad. He drifted down the deserted street, brooding over the fact that teacher had spoken no word of forgiveness, although he had pleaded so hard. The "lickin'" in store for him paled into insignificance compared to the sinking of heart he now experienced. How he dreaded to ever come back to his class!

"Teacher ain't got no use fer me no more!" he mused. "Even all the *guys* in 'seventeen' thinks I'm a disgrace. I knows they do! May be it's all comin' to me. *May be!* I dunno!"

Suddenly he broke into a run and did not halt until he reached his father's barn where a bad-tempered horse named "Mike" was tied in a stall. Nobody but Luigi could manage "Mike." Emilio never dared to go near him for the horse kicked, and bit, and reared with rage until he foamed at the mouth whenever anybody approached; but he permitted Luigi to mount with never a protesting kick, lurch, or bite. Just now Luigi, as was his daily wont, walked confidently up to "Mike" with soothing words and friendly pats, untied the halter, mounted, and drove out into the streets in the direction of a watering-trough about three blocks away.

Now the horse, good natured and gladsome in the freedom of the open air, tossed his head as if with pride of the good little friend on his back and galloped down the street. The pavement rang with his hoof-beats. Luigi catching the beast's joyous spirit forgot his troubles and gave himself up to the gladsomeness of freedom too; but all of a sudden "Mike" reared so unexpectedly and with such violent force and vicious rage that Luigi was thrown to the pavement and picked up unconscious.

Neither Luigi nor anybody else dreamed that Emilio, hidden in a doorway, had maliciously thrown a sharp, jagged stone and hit "Mike" with unerring aim and terrific force, thus causing the accident to Luigi.

"Now, smarty, I guess you won't ride so proud fer a long time!" he chuckled.

The doctor said that Luigi's leg was badly crushed and that he would be obliged to walk on crutches for a long time. This fact infuriated his step-father because Luigi was no asset now.

"You gets what's comin' fer bein' fresh with "Mike," an' take it from me, I fix you some more fer bein' fresh in da school," he growled with glaring, bleary eyes and threatening gesture. "Ah! The teach, she find you out now!" he sneered. "*Fresh!*"

For six weeks Luigi was a "shut-in"; then, glad to escape the irritating confinement and the wrangling at home, he limped into the classroom on his crutches and silently took his seat. Miss Easton walked down to him, greeted him cordially and expressed sincere sympathy, at

which joy flooded over the boy's soul and he forgot all his trials and sufferings.

Again jealousy rankled in the breast of the observing Emilio.

"Luigi sure is teacher's pet! Even *now* after all he is! And look at all the guys thinkin' he's the candy-kid! *Shucks!* It makes me sick, so it does!"

The truth was that the boys had always admired from afar the courage which permitted Luigi to lead or to ride a kicking, biting horse which none of the rest of them dared even to approach. And now that he had suffered injury from the beast, he was a hero to be worshiped. Accordingly, during the days that followed Luigi was the object of kindest solicitude, the recipient of rarest gifts, balls, knives, bats, candy, apples, marbles, pictures, and what not.

All this homage to Luigi had a tantalizing effect on Emilio. In his rage he conceived a plan which, he was sure, if carried out, would rate him a hero too. He was determined to keep close-locked forever the secret that he had been the cause of Luigi's injury. (How aggravating now to realize that because of it Luigi was accounted a greater hero than ever!)

Emilio lay awake for some hours that night, perfecting his plan to make himself the idol of the hero-worshippers. In the morning he lingered in the basement of the school-house until all the children had gone upstairs and the session had begun. Then with skillful cunning he thoroughly saturated the wood-work in the boys' play-room with kerosene which he had smuggled into the building. He intended, when the fire was well under way, to give the alarm himself, expecting to reap the reward of being regarded as a great hero leading all the pupils out to safety.

He struck a match and applied it to a pile of oil-soaked rags and chips of wood; then gleefully watched the kindling blaze as it crackled and flared upward, scorched the moulding, ran furiously along and spread out into fan-like tongues of flame licking the wooden balustrade and then—he bounded up the stairs two steps at a time!

Emilio's scheme miscarried, however. No heed was paid to his warning as he ran excitedly from room to room. All knowing his bad

reputation, teachers and pupils alike, regarded him as a deceiver who cried, "Wolf! Wolf!"

He ran back to see what head-way the fire had made. The flames were spreading rapidly up one of the stairways. Exit that way would soon be cut off! He wrung his hands, ran them through his hair, and bit his finger-nails.

"Why don't nobody listen to me? Why don't nothin' go right fer me?" he moaned wringing his hands once more and pounding his head. "Everything's all spoiled again!"

He ran to look from another angle and he saw that the flames were making greater and greater headway, that there was grave danger of panic and loss of many lives,—that he was guilty of a horrible deed! He was now thoroughly frightened, terrified! With white face and round staring eyes he rushed into room seventeen.

"Miss Easton, nobody don't wants to believe me, but the school's on fire! *On fire!*" he gasped.

In an instant, before Miss Easton had time to speak, Luigi had swung himself onto his crutches and snatched his drum.

"Hurry, Tony! Come quick!" he called imperiously to the flag-bearer and in another minute, with Tony and "Old Glory" beside him, he was out in the corridor vigorously beating "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys." The children rallied in quick response, twenty-two hundred of them and they marched out unhurt as the flames swept furiously upward along the walls.

The senior boys were the last to file downstairs. As they reached Luigi two of the largest of them grabbed him bodily, bore him triumphantly out of the building, and set him on a pedestal in the playground.

"Bravo, Luigi! Bravo!—Bravo!" shouted the assembled children only now aware of their recent danger and escape.

"Three more cheers fer Luigi an' his drum!" called out an ardent worshiper, and the youthful multitude responded lustily——

"Hooray!—Hooray!—Hooray! ! !"

Emilio, truly repentant, pursued Luigi on his way home, sobbing, "Luigi, forgive me! Oh, please forgive me! I'm sorry fer ev'ry thing I ever done! Take it from me, Luigi, yer da

(Continued on page 210)

Some Actors in the Tragedy of Italian Unity

Cavour

FLORENCE GILMORE

PROBABLY no man played so large a role in making one kingdom of the little republics and dukedoms and states of Italy as did the Count di Cavour. To his disgrace he employed every means that would further his end, without regard for the rights of peoples, of princes, or of Christ's vicar. A Freemason of high degree, it is unnecessary to say that he hated the Church with all his strength, and long years before the world foresaw what the end would be, he was working for a United Italy, with Rome for its capital, and the Pope and all he stands for reckoned among mediaeval institutions outgrown by an enlightened age. If, as a result, the Papacy were slowly to die of inanition so much the better.

Camillo Benso Cavour was born in Turin in August, 1810, and died there in 1861. He was the third son of a wealthy and noble Savoyard family, descended like the kings from Norman ancestry. His parents early decided that Camillo should be a soldier, and he was but a boy when he was sent to the military academy. At the age of eighteen he was made lieutenant of engineers and stationed in Genoa. Three years later he left the army, disliking garrison life, and, having incurred the displeasure of Charles Albert, King of Sardinia and Piedmont, by lauding the French Revolution of 1830.

For ten years after this Cavour lived sometimes on the family estates, studying agriculture and political economy, and more often in England where he became deeply imbued with the idea of parliamentary government. All the while he was planning a great future for himself, union for all Italian states, and the humiliation and, if possible, the annihilation of the Papacy. As he wrote to a friend, "In spite of everything I shall make my way. I own that I am ambitious, and when I am Minister I hope to justify my ambition. In my dreams I see myself already Prime Minister of Italy."

A paper has been found in the police records at Milan, written when Cavour was about to

return home from abroad. It speaks of him as a young man of ardor and great talent, but of extremely dangerous political opinions, and recommends that he should not be permitted to reenter any part of Austrian Italy, or if he had passports, that his baggage and clothes should be carefully searched.

Meanwhile the incensed king, himself the first leader of the movement for a United Italy, had not forgotten Cavour, nor did he minimize his ability. Some one having asked him why Cavour was not made a member of his cabinet, Charles Albert replied, "The time for Cavour has not come."

Cavour was still young—only thirty-two years of age—when he associated himself with a reform party which had been organized in Turin, and some years later he became one of the founders of a journal, called "The Resurrection," which exerted a wide influence in political circles. He was elected to the Sardinian parliament, and had much to do with inducing the king to grant the liberal constitution of 1848 and to declare war against Austria. The Piedmontese army was no match for the Austrian and disaster followed. The king abdicated, and Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne. For a time it seemed as if Cavour's sun had set, but it was not long before the young king called him to his cabinet as Minister of commerce and agriculture, and soon afterward he became, also, Minister of the marine and of finance.

At the moment Austria was at the height of its power in Italy. It had recovered Lombardy and Venetia, and reestablished the dukes of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena upon their very unsteady thrones, and its troops occupied a portion of the Papal territory. Sardinia, although small and not so densely populated as some parts of Italy, was richer than its neighbors, had a better army, and was rapidly recovering from its defeat at the hands of Austria; and on coming into power Cavour bent

all his energies upon preparing his country to quarrel again with its old enemies, crush them on the battlefield, drive them from Italy, and then unite all its states into one nation under the rule of the king of Sardinia. As to means he was hampered by no scruples. He made use of Garibaldi and Mazzini, of Napoleon III, and of the growing irreligiousness of his countrymen.

Cavour sent twenty-five thousand men to help the allies against Russia in the Crimean War. They did good service, and won admiration for their bravery and fine discipline. General La Marmora, who commanded them, became a popular hero. On Cavour's part the move had been carefully planned and its effects nicely calculated. It won for his country a place among the great powers of the world and the friendship of Napoleon III, and it made him known throughout Europe as a statesman, and drew attention to measures, such as the suppression of convents and monasteries and the secularization of their estates, which he was advocating—and enforcing—against the Church.

In 1859 war again broke out between Austria and Piedmont, and Austrian troops crossed the frontier. Napoleon III had promised aid to Victor Emmanuel in case of invasion of his territory, and a French army quickly reinforced the Piedmontese. The campaign that followed was short and disastrous for the Austrians who were defeated at Magenta and Solferino. In the peace signed soon afterward at Villa Franca Austria ceded Lombardy, with its three million population, to Sardinia, but was allowed to retain Venetia. Cavour, who had counted on driving the enemy from Italian soil, resigned rather than sign the treaty. The duchies of Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, which had expelled their rulers, gladly united themselves to the victors, and under the pretext of deferring to the will of its people Romagna was taken from the Papal States. Thus, at the end of a three months' war, Sardinia found her population increased by nine million people. By giving Nice and Savoy to Napoleon she won his consent to the continuation of her policy of uniting the country under her rule. He urged, however, that Rome be excepted.

Victor Emmanuel appointed a new minister,

who failed dismally, and Cavour was induced to return to the head of the cabinet, and was permitted to choose his associates. Again he began to work and to intrigue for the ruin of the Papacy and the absorption of her states and of Venetia. A parliament was convened of representatives of all the states under Piedmontese rule, and it proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. At one of its sessions Cavour declared that Rome had been the capital of ancient Italy and must be returned to her. The truth is that Rome had never for one hour been the capital of Italy after she ceased to be the capital of the world. This announcement of Cavour's gave intense dissatisfaction in Turin and throughout the northern provinces. The plan had been projected in the Freemason lodges: Cavour merely announced it to the world. Nevertheless it was his darling scheme. "When I see the King enthroned in the Capitol," he was wont to say in those days, "I shall retire to my estates, plant cabbages, tend my vines, and rest for the remainder of my life."

But, little as he guessed it, Cavour's day was done. He did not live to see the accomplishment of the task to which he had consecrated himself, but his machinations had made the catastrophe inevitable.

For years he had worked with feverish energy, and suddenly a violent fever seized upon him. At once he became delirious. His associates feared that in his raving he would betray their plans and methods, and they took elaborate precautions to prevent anything he said from becoming public property. After some days he recovered consciousness and begged his friends to send for a priest. Having received the Last Sacraments, with his dying breath he repeated his motto, "A free Church in a free state," adding, "Tell the people of Turin that I died a Catholic."

Some idea of what Cavour meant by his "Free Church in a free state" may be gained from these facts: he obtained from Victor Emmanuel a law which suppressed in Piedmont and Sardinia alone three hundred and thirty four convents and monasteries, containing 4280 religious men and 1200 nuns. His program, never fully carried out in Italy, included the

confiscation of all church property, the election of bishops by the people and their dismissal when such action was deemed expedient; the suppression of all religious orders; the complete secularization of education. Even seminarists were to be trained in state schools, after state-approved methods, and by state-chosen professors. Such were the means which Cavour advocated, and they, with his work for the unification of Italy at the cost of every principle, won for him the name of being one of the most enlightened and progressive statesmen of the nineteenth century.

Cavour's death seems a contradiction of his life—a falsification of the adage, "As we live so shall we die." Probably the truth is that having learned from Freemasonry and the reading of irreligious books to hate the Church on both religious and political grounds, he fought it vigorously and relentlessly throughout his whole life; that, in spite of all, deep in

his heart the Faith lived, torturing him, no doubt, in many a quiet hour, and making it impossible for him to die without priest and sacraments. Even in health he often asked a priest of his acquaintance not to allow him to die unshriven.

As to the "Unity" of Italy, the states are united only by a common government. They are peopled by different races, whose manner of thought, customs, and speech are incomprehensible one to another. The little, quarrelsome, artistic, home-loving cities and dukedoms have all drunk of the commercialism of the age and have lost much of their charm, and more of their piety. Extortion, oppression, vandalism, and organized atheism have done their work well. A thousand factors shake the throne of Victor Emmanuel's successor for which Cavour and his associates sold their honor and their consciences.

("Napoleon III" closes this series)

Jeanne d'Arc Leads the Way

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

(Continued)

EASTER Sunday of 1905 dawned bright and clear. It was a perfect day in spring. Kenlem came early to see his two chums for he had been invited to spend the day with them. Though his friends were baptized Catholics, like him, they had never made their First Communion. Now and again of a Sunday, they attended the Jesuit Church on Baronne Street, but this was the beginning and end of their religious obligations.

"What's the matter, Ken?" the oldest of the boys asked, shortly after his arrival, "You don't mean to tell us that you are not going to church today—Easter Sunday?"

"The reason why I didn't go this morning," Kenlem answered, "was because I'm going this evening at six. Talk about your services—you ought to see these: they are most beautiful and impressive. Why don't you fellows come along?"

Without hesitation or scruple the two brothers promised that they would. They had, seldom if ever, been in a Protestant Church and

they were curious to see how the services were conducted.

That evening after church was over, and they were walking along the avenue in the direction of their home, the two Cubans loudly confessed their disappointment in the ceremonies at which they had just been present. The services on an ordinary Sunday at the Jesuits' they told him, were far more devotional and grand; and since they had gone to his church, why shouldn't he come to theirs. Kenlem promised, and the bargain was made then and there.

When Kenlem Dagbright entered the portals of the Jesuit Church the following Sunday morning, and knelt down in one of the pews, it seemed that he should have always attended Catholic services. A great peace stole over the boy's heart, and tears of joy sprang unbidden to his eyes. He felt like one, who after a long journey, has at last come home. From that day onwards he never put his foot in a Protestant Church again. . . . The remainder of the day he went about like one in a dream.

That night before retiring, as he stooped over his mother to give her his good-night kiss, he suddenly whispered in her ear,—as though some sweet wondrous overwhelming Presence urged him on,—“Mother, I want to be a priest.”

His mother was so astonished that she did not know what to say. Finally, she inquired, “But, Kenlem dear, you aren’t even a Catholic yet? I really think you’ve lost your senses completely.”

And immediately he answered, very firmly and very quietly, “I’m not a Catholic yet, but I hope to become one soon. I have made up my mind fully on this subject. I know you and papa will have no objections since you both have always left us free in the choice of a religion.”

But the victory was by no means won, nor the haven attained. The struggle for good and evil recommenced in his soul, fiercer than ever before. He was fully convinced that if he wanted to be perfectly happy he must embrace the Catholic religion and afterwards become a priest. Though he clearly glimpsed the sacrifices and hardships such a course entailed, nevertheless the desire grew stronger, day after day, leading him on, ever on. Then his other self—that part of us which is so prone to pleasure and joy, so swift to avoid toil and pain—would assert itself; and for a short period he would forget the call to the higher nobler way. One night the climax came. He was returning home, with his two Cuban friends, and very, very unhappy. As they stood waiting for their car, Kenlem suddenly exclaimed without the slightest warning, “I can’t stand this any longer. I guess I’ll have to give in. I’m miserable.” Kenlem’s companions were not surprised as they knew of his determination to enter the Catholic faith and become a priest. He had been acting queerly of late and they knew this was the outcome. They laughed and teased him during the ride home, but could elicit no response from him: he was silent and sad, and parted with them rather abruptly.

The next evening they had an engagement with the young girl whose acquaintance they had made at the Martinez dinner. They had been visiting this family now for some time and they were quite intimate with them. Ken-

lem had noticed how motherly and devotional was the mother of this young lady, and this had impressed him very much. She seemed like one he could trust. The poor lad, almost beside himself, was anxious to confide in some one who could appreciate his difficulties. There was no one at home that could assist him. Even his dear mother, good and kind as she was, was helpless, for she would never be able to understand his present state of mind. Kenlem had often desired to lay before this lady all his troubles and to ask her advice, but he had been afraid to take the step. But tonight he made up his mind that he would speak. So while the others were amusing themselves at the piano, he walked over to where Mrs. Robbins was seated and asked her if he might have a little talk on an important subject. His request was graciously granted and before he was fully aware of what he was doing, he was launched forth into the happenings of the last few months.

“My dear, dear friend,” said Mrs. Robbins, when all had been told, and Kenlem sat back with a great sigh of relief, “what a wonderful vocation God has given you. Why Joan of Arc is telling you to become a Jesuit. Don’t you know that they are often called, especially in France, the Company of Jesus?”

“Wants me to become a Jesuit—me!” said Kenlem ungrammatically, with something akin to horror in his voice. “I could never become one—never. Their life is too hard, in the first place; and then, excuse me for saying so, I have heard so many terrible things about them.”

Mrs. Robbins laughed quietly; and finally spoke, “Don’t believe everything you hear and read. Besides these books you’ve read are Protestant, likewise, the people who say them. Anyone who knows anything at all about the Jesuits will tell you that these are lies,—pure and simple; base calumnies—that’s what I’d call them. I’ll give you some books to read on that subject, so you’ll see for yourself what kind of men the Jesuits are. But there’s another matter more important of which I now want to speak about. It’s about your first Communion,” and she proceeded—in a very business like manner indeed—to inform him how necessary

it was for him to see a priest and become instructed in the Catholic religion. This was the first requisite, the first step in the right direction. But, even then, Kenlem held back. Fear and weakness of making such a momentous move chained him down. And the weeks and months passed quickly by, and still he would do nothing.

The time at last arrived when his father and mother were to go for a trip to New York. They left a little earlier than usual as they wished to get away from the yellow fever which had the city in its clutches. Mrs. Robbins in desperation, on the day before Kenlem's sailing, implored the boy to see a priest, and make some sort of an arrangement for his First Communion. Kenlem hesitated at first, but finally yielded. So for the first time in his life, the lad was to make the acquaintance of a priest and a Jesuit! The priest whom Kenlem met was so unlike the picture he had formed of him, that he was completely astonished. The Jesuit was a tall, spare, ascetical man with a quiet, refined countenance which was made more striking by the black hair slightly tinged with grey. He received the boy without any demonstration whatsoever. Kenlem told his story and the priest sat in silence until it was finished. For some little while neither spoke, then the Jesuit suddenly asked, looking the youth fully and squarely in the eye, "Would you be willing to sacrifice a million dollars in order to become a Jesuit? Are you prepared, my son, to lead a hard, humdrum, obscure life without worldly consolation, for the rest of your days? Think over this before you give me a final decision. Of course, as regards your First Holy Communion, I can begin to instruct you tomorrow. At what time can you come?" But Kenlem told him that this was impossible as he was going to New York on the following day. "Well, then," said the priest, "take this little Catechism and look over it, and when you return from your trip, call and see me and I will prepare you for your First Communion." So this was the end of the interview.

Kenlem rose early the next morning. He had been thinking so much about the delightful sea-trip he was going to take that he did not sleep well. Down the front steps ran the lad on that

bright August morning, and opening the front door he secured the morning paper which the newsman had just left. Opening the paper carelessly, the boy began to read here and there. But there was little or no news. Suddenly on one of the middle pages, the following heading caught his eyes and held them—"Fr. Wylin, S. J., sails on the steamer *Pacificus*. Jesuit priest goes to Poughkeepsie to pursue Higher Studies." The paper fell unheeded from Kenlem's grasp. So a priest, a Jesuit, was to sail on the same steamer as himself. For five days he would be near a member of that dreaded and mysterious order—the Company of Jesus. His first feeling was one of joy, for he knew that now he would have an opportunity both of making the priest's acquaintance and of asking him some questions about the kind of life the Jesuits led. Then a reaction set in. No, no, no! He had had enough of priests anyway. He didn't want to meet any more. He wanted to be left in peace.... He didn't think he wanted to be a priest after all.

The first glimpse Kenlem had of the Jesuit was in the dining salon of the steamer, where all the passengers were assembled by the Health Authorities for the purpose of having their temperature taken. Since the yellow fever was a contagious disease no one was allowed to leave the city who showed the slightest signs of any ailment whatsoever. The priest looked quite harmless and ordinary as he waited, just like any other mortal, the advent of the Health Officials. He didn't look half bad, after all, was Kenlem's silent verdict.

That evening after supper, Kenlem made his way on deck to join his father and mother, who to his great surprise were laughing and talking with the Jesuit as they watched one of those magnificent sunsets which are so common on the Gulf of Mexico.

"Father," said Mrs. Dagbright, laying her hand on Kenlem's arm, "let me introduce you to my son, Kenlem." And she added, laughing, "What do you think, Father, he wants to become a priest? I can't imagine how he ever got such a notion in his head."

But the priest did not laugh. He looked at the lad very kindly as he shook his hand.

Kenlem and the Jesuit became fast friends

before the end of the trip. The priest was so kind and gentle with the boy that he completely won his heart. Little by little, he told the priest the story of the last year—the beginning and progress of his vocation. The man of God was amazed and told his young protégé that without doubt he was called by God to the priesthood.

"My boy," asked Father Wylin, "when did you first get the idea of becoming a priest?"

"I don't know, Father. I only know that after that dream I felt drawn to something higher, nobler than the life I was leading. My ambition was to attain that goal—that is, when I really consulted my better self."

"How mysterious are the ways of God," said the Jesuit, half to himself, half to the boy. "You should be very grateful, my friend, for God has been very good to you. He has been leading you, step by step, to His most Sacred Heart. Our Lord must love you very dearly indeed, and He must have some special work for you to accomplish. There is only one thing for you to do—make your First Communion, and then, seek admission into the ranks of the Jesuits. I have no doubt whatsoever that you have a vocation." But the Jesuit did not minimize the hardships of one consecrated to the service of Christ. He spoke of the trials of the two years of noviceship, the years of long and dry and serious study, the obscurity and difficulty of a teacher's life, the complete forgetfulness of self, the mortification and humility which the sons of Saint Ignatius must possess if they wish to

be loyal to their high calling. But he added, there is the peace which passes all understanding—the peace of a good conscience and of duty well done, the joy of knowing that one's labors and efforts are really bringing souls back to God—these and a hundred other spiritual consolations amply compensate for all that one must sacrifice for the love of the Master. Then Father Wylin spoke of the great Jesuit saints and their glorious deeds—of St. Ignatius, and the young and tender St. Stanislaus, of the humble Belgian scholastic, St. John Berchmans, who did nothing extraordinary during the whole course of his life, save to observe his rules in an extraordinary manner; then he told the boy of the famous Jesuit apostles and martyrs who laid down their lives, gladly and even with joy, that the pagan might see the light of the true Faith and thereby save his immortal soul. Kenlem listened and was carried out of himself. He knew now that he was at last hearing the end of the long and weary struggle. But the end was not yet.

On the wharf in New York Kenlem bade his priestly friend good-bye and begged that he remember him in his Masses and prayers. He was not destined to see his good friend again until years after when he, himself, was a member of that illustrious order. Kenlem enjoyed himself immensely in New York, for he had no misgivings: he had completely surrendered himself to the will of God, and he realized that, sooner or later, all would come out as God desired.

(Conclusion next month)

Joyce Kilmer and the Blessed Sacrament

MARION KINSDALE

JOYCE KILMER, the Catholic poet, who has become very popular with the American people, was born on December 6, 1886. He was by nature a poet, and as such has left to mankind some beautiful works. He was known in literary circles as a very active journalist. Late in the year 1913 he became a convert to the Catholic Faith. In less than three weeks after the United States entered the war, he enlisted as a private. Killed in action near the Ourcq, France, he passed to the other life on July 30, 1918.

That Joyce Kilmer should have had devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is not strange. His was a great soul and great souls instinctively turn to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament for friendship and love. Truly great and noble was he who was made "comfortable" by his conversion to the true fold of Christ and who sacrificed his life on the altar of patriotism "with his face towards the enemy."

Although a convert to the faith only a few years he was much devoted to the Blessed Sacrament and manifested his love for his Eucha-

ristic Lord by the fervent reception of Holy Communion. As his love increased so did the frequency with which he approached the Holy Table increase until it reached its height in daily Communion. Daily he fed his soul with this heavenly Manna and was delighted therewith. There were no half measures with this whole hearted lover.

If characters reveal themselves in letters then we can become acquainted with his Eucharistic devotion, for in the letters he left behind him, he not infrequently refers to the Blessed Sacrament. Writing to Father James J. Daly, S. J., he says: "It may interest you to know that I had received the Blessed Sacrament half an hour before the train struck me, and that to this fact I attribute my escape from death..." What confidence in his Sacramental Lord! It is, however, in a letter to Sister Emerentia that he discloses his faith in the efficacy of Holy Communion. He writes: "Pray that I may love God more. It seems to me that if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter. Except while we are in the trenches I receive Holy Communion every morning, so it ought to be all the easier for me to attain this object of my prayers."

Besides daily Communion he was devoted to the Mass, and, as he himself said, always had a desire to learn to serve Mass. Desiring himself to serve, it was but natural that he should also desire his son to do so. Writing to Kenton, his oldest boy, he says: "I hope that you will get Fr. Morris to teach you how to serve Mass... and if you are a priest when you grow up you will be glad you had such practice when you were young." In a letter to his wife, on the same subject he says: "I hope Kenton has learned to serve Mass by this time." His desire for his son to serve must have been strong; we find him writing about it a second time to his wife: "Is Kenton serving Mass yet? Please have him do so."

He furthermore visited Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Writing from France he says: "Since there is no priest, I can't get my daily Communion (notice the tone of regret), but I go in occasionally to say my prayers." Writing to his wife he says: "...never let a day pass

without going to church for me." And again: "...when I am in church—which is twice every day, to receive Holy Communion immediately after Reveille and to pray for a few minutes in the evening." It is not a rare sight to see women make visits to church, but that a man, and a young man at that, should do so is rare.

It is, however, in the poem "Multiplication" that his love for the Blessed Sacrament finds its best expression. What love is not contained in the following couplets?

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him I love so well;
I look my last upon His small and radiant prison cell.

And:

I leave the holy quiet for the loudly human train.
And my heart that He has breathed upon is filled with
lonely pain.

Again:

Above the roofs I see a cross outlined against the night,
And I know that there my Lover dwells in His sacramental might.

The poem itself is a beautiful hymn of love to the Blessed Sacrament. In the "Citizen of the World" kindred sentiments are expressed:

Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.

Again:

Imprisoned for His love of me,
He makes my spirit greatly free.

There was much in the life of this late Catholic poet and patriot that is worthy of imitation. May his practice of daily Communion incite others to follow in his footsteps.

Luigi

(Continued from page 203)

bestest hero ever! To my dyin' day I wants ter be yer slave! Honest an' true, Luigi. Don't yer wants ter believe me?"

"Sure thing, I do!" answered Luigi cordially.

On the Sea

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

And you and you and you
Here on the wide wide sea,
Blinded you cannot glimpse
Infinity?



THE SACRED HEART FOR THE WORLD — THE WORLD FOR THE SACRED HEART

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

The "Spread" Convention

The convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, held at Washington last August, adopted as the slogan of the Crusade for the following year the word "Spread." It was essentially a "Spread" Convention and it is a common opinion that this convention will constitute the beginning of a new era in the history of the Crusade. Three events at this convention made it one of vital importance. The first was the establishment of a Veteran membership to be organized among the alumni of institutions of learning where the Students' Mission Crusade has been organized; the second was the establishment of a Junior membership for the including of parochial schools among those eligible as units of the Crusade; the third was the founding of a Crusade organ to be published by the National Executive Board.

Parochial School Children Units

One of the epoch-making events in this epoch-making convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was the including of the parochial schools among those eligible to become units of the Crusade. Such units are required to pay an annual tax of \$1.00 per hundred members enrolled and to pray for the success of the Missions. These units will not have a vote at the conventions but can be as active otherwise as their older brothers and sisters. It is our opinion that such a unit should be organized in every Catholic parochial school in the United States. There were two main reasons which caused the delegates at Washington to decide to make this move. The first was to interest the Catholic children of the United States in the missions; to create in them the mission spirit while they are young so that when they grow older and go to college they will already be interested in the Crusade and will more easily fall in with the units at these colleges. The second was to gain for the Crusade the incalculable aid of the prayers of the children.

It is an old belief that "as the twig is bent so the tree inclineth." That this also is the mind of the church is shown by the fact that she establishes parochial schools everywhere in order to have the children under the influence of religion from their tenderest youth. Protestants who realize this too, are beginning to organize parochial schools. Atheists realize it and are trying to do away with parochial schools and to exterminate religion from all the schools. Hence

it is of prime importance that the children be interested in the missions while they are young if they are ever to be interested in them.

Again, prayers from the pure hearts of the children are most efficacious. Christ said: "Suffer the little ones to come to me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He frequently showed His preference for children when He was on earth. "Unless you become as little children you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." With the prayers of the children the Crusade is bound to prosper, and in the same measure that the Crusade prospers will the missions prosper.

There are some who object that this will interfere with the activities of the Holy Childhood Association and other such organizations that are already organized with the same end in view. It is the same objection that was raised against the Crusade when it was first organized. The answer is the same in each case. It must be borne in mind that it is not the desire nor the intention of the Crusade to interfere with any existing society. It does not intend primarily to do the work that any other society is doing. What the Crusade wants to do is to supplement the work of other societies, to do the work that other societies are not doing. To include children in the Crusade with the same end in view will not interfere with any existing society.

Viewed in this light the move is surely a wise one. For on the one hand the Crusade will gain a great asset in the new addition to its numbers, and on the other hand it will be a great help in the religious training of the young.

The first and greatest principle to be inculcated in this training is the love of Christ and the love of Christ implies the love of souls for whom Christ died. These two loves go hand in hand. To cultivate the one is to cultivate the other. Interest the children in the missions and you interest them in souls. If they are interested in souls they are interested in Christ, and thus the first fundamental principle of the Christian religion is implanted.

Fruitful Source of Income

Since last May the Abbey Press at St. Meinrad has donated to the Seminary Unit the waste paper of its printing shop. Devoting since that time 155 hours to the work, the seminarians have bailed 7,980 pounds of waste paper for which they received approximately

(Continued on page 221)

Secular Oblates of St. Benedict

REV. HENRY BRENNER, O. S. B.

The Clerical Oblate and the Benedictine Order

The October Conference

Abbot Guerangér thus prefaces his remarks concerning the Oblates among the clergy: "The counsels proposed in the preceding pages are addressed to the faithful in general, and at the same time take for granted that they are either well instructed already as to their duties, are at least able and willing to instruct themselves in the principles and practice of the Christian life. This instruction is unhappily very rare, and often difficult of attainment in these days. For this reason zealous priests who may have a devotion for entering the Association of which we have been speaking will, as a matter of course, bring into it, by their learning, an element of great value and utility. Many priests have expressed a wish to enter it, and it is in answer of their desire that we will now endeavor to describe the special character which the union of a secular priest with the Order of St. Benedict ought to imprint upon his ministry."

He then goes on to lay down the first point of his directions, which forms the subject of our present conference: "The secular priest who, for his own personal sanctification, desires to be affiliated with the Monastic Order—as a man might seek to build his dwelling against a bastion rather than on the open heath—ought to try, in a certain degree, to identify himself with the spirit of the Order, which consists in moulding one's life as closely as possible upon the Gospel teaching, and living the very life of Holy Church." We shall now endeavor to enlarge somewhat on these words.

The end or purpose of the Society of the Secular Oblates is the *Conversio Morum*, that is, the conversion of one's manners. In other words, whosoever desires to become an Oblate, should have in mind above everything else his personal sanctification, or spiritual betterment. Hence, the resolution formed by joining the Society does not only strike at the roots of our faults,—for we are filled with many evil inclinations and habits which ought to be remedied as far as possible,—but also lays hold on another field of our spiritual need, that is, the development and the increase of our good inclinations and habits, or the implanting of virtues. Without learning to practice virtue, there can scarcely be any talk of sanctifying oneself; to only avoid evil means that we are trying to better ourselves in the most necessary things but not in the more useful things, which is at the most only a half-hearted spirituality, and nothing more than what the most sinful person is supposed to do.

To accomplish a great work,—and certainly a no greater personal work than one's own sanctification could be imagined,—it is of importance that we not only have the good will, but also that we make use of some

powerful means. The carpenter, who wishes to build a house, must see that he goes about such an undertaking with the proper material on hand, so that he may work with success; otherwise he might merit to hear those words spoken of him: "Behold, this man began, and was not able to finish!" For to reach an end we must always use a means. This is precisely why the Oblate affiliates himself with the Benedictine Order. Affiliation means as much as union,—union of purpose, union of desire.

However, this affiliation does not bring about such a unity as is observed in those who lead the same manner of life. For all who belong to the Secular Oblates are, as their name signifies, living in the world, and do not follow the Rule of St. Benedict as regards practical details of daily life. What kind of unity then does this affiliation bring about? Unity of principle. The Benedictine monk has for his principles,—we mention the chief ones,—progress, reverence for authority, humility, prayer, detachment from temporalities, labor, temperance, good order, cleanliness, mutual charity, prudence. Now it is these principles that ought to bind the Oblate to the Benedictine Order. He ought to have these principles, just as a member of the Order, who has made the vows, has them, though he applies them differently, as is fitting for his state of life.

Let us see then how compatible these principles of the Benedictine Order are with the priestly life. Ought not the priest make spiritual progress? Yes, he ought to be an "Alter Christus." And what of his reverence for authority? Does he not have to be ready at ordination with a solemn "Promitto" when, holding his folded hands in those of his Bishop, he hears the latter ask him: "Do you promise me and my successors reverence and obedience?" Does he not need humility in order to get along with all sorts and numbers of people? And what of prayer? Under pain of mortal sin he is bound to spend at least an hour of his daily time in this exercise. Is not this a sign that holy Mother Church thinks it very important for him? Further, regarding detachment from temporalities, ought he not be another St. Paul who wrote thus to the Corinthians: "I seek not the things that are yours, but you"? As to labor, it ought to be his daily object, for he is set to work in the vineyard of the Lord, where there is no end to the things to be done. Temperance he ought to cherish, lest he fall away; for intemperance in eating and drinking, etc., makes a man carnal, not spiritual, hence weak, not strong. Good order he ought to love; for he should shine as the model to be followed: he is a leader, and ought to keep everything that is entrusted to him in the best of order. He ought to especially preserve cleanliness and neatness, both in person and surroundings; for he is a man who, by his very calling,

(Continued on page 221)

Notes of General Interest

From the Field of Science

—Statistics prove that airplanes are about as safe for travel as automobiles. Commercial use of the airplane in Europe, especially for passenger traffic, is growing much more rapidly than in America.

—Even the flight of a cannon-ball can be registered on the film of the latest movie camera. Many interesting data as to the flight of birds, the movements of wild animals, are also secured by the attachment of a special long-distance lens.

—THE GRAIL feels the increased cost of white paper the same as the other magazines. Some comfort is offered in the report that Irish peat can be used for the manufacture of white paper. There is an unlimited supply of peat, and experts, who are now engaged in working out the costs of the process, state that the manufacturing details are complete.

—A new all-metal airplane, after satisfactorily completing a number of flights in the United States, has been pronounced as revolutionary for progress as the first iron ship. The heavy looking machine is built of duraluminum, an alloy of ninety per cent. aluminum with other metals. It will fly faster, with greater economy of fuel, and with three times the efficiency of other machines of its type and weight. To the ordinary person, the most striking quality of the new plane is its resemblance to a large hawk.

—New York is to have the world's largest Radio Station. Ten square miles will be needed for the antenna and buildings. Automatic transmitters will flash messages half way round the world to automatic receivers, at a speed greater than the human hand could send or the human ear receive.

—An oven to mind the toast is the latest improvement for the electric toaster. A timing device will automatically turn off the current at the proper time.

—The flashlight of a photographer usually produces frightened faces on the photograph. The powerful electric bulbs of recent date have been found strong enough to make short exposures with rapid lenses.

—Did you ever find the dry battery exhausted when you wished to use your flash-light? To overcome this difficulty a small storage battery is now provided.

—A poor man's airplane has been put on the market by an Italian firm. The plane, which is small enough to keep in a garage, weighs only 350 pounds, yet it is able to carry a load equal to its own weight.

—Acetylene gas is much used with oxygen for welding. Recent investigations show that there is no harm to the workman from the acetylene escaping. The danger arises from the fumes of the metal treated.

—Recent experiments prove that, contrary to the general belief, mosquitoes do not thrive in foul, stagnant water. Decaying vegetation seems to be harmful to the mosquito larvae.

—The zealous fisherman often whispers to his companion: "Stop talking, you scare the fish." But is this true? Most probably not, according to recent authorities. Sound is almost entirely reflected when it strikes the surface of the water. But shuffling of feet in the boat can be distinctly heard in the water.

—Architects are now being trained to furnish excellent little models for their patrons. Instead of the highly colored paper draft, the prospective builder receives, a neat little bungalow of pasteboard, with green trees made of sponges set on tooth picks, beautiful grass made of sawdust steeped in dye, in short, a miniature of the reality.

—The late war showed that a fleet is helpless without aircraft. While seaplanes have the advantage of being able to alight on water, they are not entirely satisfactory. Land machines have given better satisfaction. Hence the addition to the modern fleet of a mother for airplanes, a large vessel, built without masts, that affords a clear deck for the launching and landing of airplanes.

—A typewriter ribbon that is becoming pale with age, may have its youthful bloom restored by a little inking attachment. The ribbon is left on the machine, but detached from its central holder. It is then run between the two pads of the inker.

—A one-man saw for felling trees, cutting off stumps, and cutting ice, has been placed on the market. It resembles the familiar crosscut saw but is mounted on a light wheeled carriage. A small gasoline engine furnishes the motive power.

—The European corn-borer, which has made its appearance in the United States, threatens great ravages in the realm of King Corn. The most effective way of fighting the pest is the use of liquid fire—burning oil spread on the infected stubble.

—The Diesel oil engine, owing to its efficiency in transforming heat energy to twice that of the ordinary steam engine, will probably, to a great extent at least, supplant the latter. The yacht Elfay, the latest vessel to adopt this the oil engine, has all the control of the machinery centered in a handle similar to the control handle operated by the motorman on a trolley car. This is made possible by the use of electricity.

—One of the triumphs of modern gardening, which was shown at the late World's Fair, was the thornless cactus, a food for cattle and horses, growable in the desert regions of the West and Southwest. The prickly pear, which grows wild in the same regions, in spite of its ugly stickers, is also to be used for forage. The spiny growth is removed by the application of a gasoline torch. After this treatment, the cattle relish the large, juicy, pear-shaped leaves.

—Experience is showing that a flying machine can be build to any size, but the difficulty lies in making

a landing machine. Theoretically the limit of the flying machine was said to have been reached, for the cold law stated: "The weights increased as the cube of the dimensions, but the supporting area only as the square." But facts did not square with theory, so the theory was modified by the addition: "Provided you do not change the design of the machine." Recent results with airplanes, if we abstract from the difficulties of a suitable landing place, make the following prediction for the future very plausible. There is no law of nature that puts a limit on the size of the flying machine. Wing spreads will be multiplied into two and three deckers. Enclosed cabins will do away with the cold, the noise, and the rush of air, which now annoy the passenger. Several motors will make the flight much safer, for if one engine fails, the others will continue. The increase of wing area will make the machine much steadier, easier to guide, and more comfortable.

—Bullet-proof glass has recently been invented. Sheets of plate-glass are thoroughly cleaned and cemented together with celluloid between. The product is perfectly transparent. Bullets from a revolver damage the glass but do not pass through.

—Wireless telephony is rapidly becoming common. Convenient transmitting and receiving sets for the ordinary man are now on the market. But the drawbacks are, the inability to call the desired party at will and the publicity of the messages, since anyone else with a similar instrument may become a listener.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

Miscellaneous

—Five New York priests have enlisted in the regular army for a period of five years.

—Chinese students are flocking to France to receive an education. It is estimated that China will send 10,000 of her young men to France for this purpose.

—Italy has again been shaken by a tremendous earthquake that caused much damage to property and great loss of life. At Marina, near Carrara, Father Frigotti had just elevated the chalice after consecration when the ceiling fell. His hands and face were cut, but he finished the Mass. Many of the worshipers were killed. At Castanzalvo Father Riccardo Bruscolatti was killed at the altar.

—Archbishop Dowling, of St. Paul, according to the *Catholic Bulletin*, will standardize the schools of the Archdiocese, standardize the instructors, organize a board of supervision, and assist the schools in every manner possible. A campaign is now on to collect \$5,000,000 to be used as a permanent fund for education.

—September 23 was a notable day on the University grounds at Washington, D. C. At three o'clock that afternoon, Cardinal Gibbons, surrounded by archbishops, bishops, prelates, priests, and a great concourse of the laity, laid the corner-stone for the national shrine of the Immaculate Conception.

—While making excavations near Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, some workmen uncovered remnants of walls which scholars think are the foundations of the walls on which the ancient city of Tiberias was built.

—Rev. Francis W. Howard, LL. D., of Columbus, O., secretary of the Catholic Educational Association, who has been made a domestic prelate by the Holy Father, bears the title of Monsignor. Among others on whom this same dignity has been conferred is the Rev. L. A. Dunphy, of Sutton, Nebr., a native of Queens County, Ireland. For some thirty-seven years Father Dunphy has been a faithful steward on the American missions. Congratulations to the new prelates!

Rev. D. M. Saintourens, O. P., who founded in France the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Rosary, a cloistered contemplative order, died at a monastery of the Order, at Camden, N. J., on the last Sunday of September. These Nuns, whose duty it is to recite the Rosary without ceasing, day and night, have, besides several houses in Europe, eight monasteries in this country. Father Saintourens, who was eighty-six years of age, had been a priest for sixty years.

—The Passionist Fathers, who are favorably known as missionaries, have just celebrated the second centenary of their foundation.

—Hal Reid, a Catholic scenario writer, of Indianapolis, is the author of the motion picture, "For the Freedom of Ireland," which is proving very popular.

—Out of about 400 applications for the sixty-four Rhodes' Scholarships offered at Oxford University to American young men, Edward Dubuison, of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., was a successful candidate.

—It is predicted that, unless the price of print paper comes down materially, 6,000 smaller weekly papers will be forced out of business within the next six months.

—Catholicity is flourishing in Australia. The hierarchy consists of sixteen bishops, eight archbishops, and one Apostolic Delegate. There are fifteen hundred priests and over two thousand churches. About 20,000 children attend the Catholic schools. The Catholic population is nearly 1,000,000.

—The Catholic schools, colleges, and universities in this country all report increased attendance this year. The Catholic University at Washington has more than 900 students enrolled. Of this number 500 are laymen, 300 ecclesiastics, and 100 Sisters. Besides these there are 375 women registered at Trinity College.

—From September 26 to October 2 the Holy Father and the prelates of the Vatican were on retreat. Two Jesuit Fathers conducted the spiritual exercises.

—Miss Martha Maton, a young Belgian woman who was in the last stages of tuberculosis, a disease with which she had been afflicted for seven years, is said to have been miraculously cured at Lourdes after being dipped twice in the piscine of the grotto. Miss Maton has since entered a Franciscan convent.

—General Alfonso Fusco, who commanded a troupe

of Italian soldiers on the Austrian front, has, at the age of sixty-three, just been ordained to the priesthood.

—On the first Sunday of October a vested choir of over one hundred men and boys made its initial appearance in the sanctuary of the Denver Cathedral at Vespers. This choir will sing Vespers on Sunday evenings at 7:30.

—Eighty-nine new army chaplains have been appointed for the regular army, which is to have one chaplain for each 1200 officers and men. Of the chaplains 25 per cent. will be Catholic, 70 per cent. Protestant, and 5 per cent. for adjustments.

—On October 4, the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, Rt. Rev. Bishop Chartrand, of Indianapolis, laid at Oldenburg the corner-stone for the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament in which the Franciscan Sisters will have perpetual adoration. The Sisters hope to have the building under roof before winter. May the Eucharistic Lord prosper the work.

—Canon Gaetano Millunzi, an eminent archeologist, was murdered recently at his country home near Palermo, Italy. He was found with three bullet wounds in his chest and his breviary clutched in his hand. It is not known who the assassins were.

—Two American priests of the Society of Mary sailed on October 26 from San Francisco to take up missionary work on the islands in the Pacific. Rev. Joseph Diehl, S. M., of Augusta, Ga., will go to the Samoan Islands, while Rev. Louis Desjardins, S. M., will labor in the Fiji Islands.

—The proposal to amend the State Constitution of Michigan so as to compel all children between the ages of six and sixteen to attend the public school, will, in spite of the recent declaration that such an amendment is in conflict with Article 14 of the Federal Constitution, be submitted to the voters on November 2. The Supreme Court holds that, if the proposed amendment receives sufficient votes to carry it, there will be time enough to inquire whether any provision of the Federal Constitution is violated.

—According to reports forwarded to Washington, there is an increase of more than 100,000 Catholic children in attendance at the Catholic schools in the United States. The parochial schools and Catholic high schools and colleges are instructing approximately 1,800,000 pupils this year. What provision could Uncle Sam make for this vast army of youths if they were to be put into his schools?

—Four priests of the St. Boniface Society have arrived in the United States from Europe to solicit aid for the starving children of Germany. Cardinal Gibbons received the delegates very kindly and expressed his sympathy for the suffering little ones. He told the delegates that he had already taken steps to have a general appeal made to the whole country in behalf of the sufferers.

—During a severe snow and rain storm in mid-October, Holy Trinity Church, at Trinidad, Colo., was struck by lightning. But little damage was done.

—The Mussulmans are bent on destroying as many Christians as possible. In a recent raid these enemies of Christianity massacred 400 or more Armenians.

—The hierarchy of the United States held their second annual meeting at Washington on September 22 and 23. Ways and means were adopted for the continuation of the work of the N. C. W. C. Moreover, it was announced that the cause of the canonization of Mother Elizabeth Seton, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, had been placed in the hands of the secretary of the Congregation of Rites; also that the days of abstinence in Lent are Wednesday and Friday, not Friday and Saturday; the work of the colored Oblate Sisters of Providence was explained the assembly formed plans and named a committee to take action for the erection of a seminary for the training of colored men to the priesthood as well as for a technical school in the South for Catholic negroes. Education and many other subjects of importance to the nation at large were discussed and plans mapped out and adopted.

—Tom Burke, a noted Irish tenor from the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, is making a tour of the United States. His first public appearance in this country was at Saranac Lake, N. Y., where he donated his services for the benefit of St. Bernard's Church and the Sisters' Tuberculosis Hospital. The seats, which sold at \$100 each, were all taken.

—The K. of C. have voted to offer the American Legion \$5,000,000 for the erection at Washington of a building to the memory of the Americans who died in the war. The sum thus generously offered is the residue of \$40,000,000 collected for war purposes.

—Polish Catholics of Tacoma and Seattle are building a home and school on Bainbridge Island for fifty-six Polish war orphans that range in age from four to sixteen years. Two hundred more orphans are expected shortly from Vladivostock.

—Rev. Francis Craft, for eighteen years pastor of St. Matthew's Church, East Stroudsburg, Pa., died on September 11. Father Craft, who was a man of splendid talents, is said to have been a veteran of five wars. Following the profession of his father, he became a surgeon, and, after his conversion to the faith, a priest. While his father was English, his maternal grandmother, if we be rightly informed, was a full-blooded American of the Cherokee tribe. He spent some years among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota where he attempted to establish an Indian sisterhood. At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War he took his Sisters to Cuba to nurse the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Unaccustomed to a tropical climate, the Sisters fell victims to their charity.—Peace to the ashes of Father Craft whose barque of life did not always sail on tranquil seas!

—Rt. Rev. Gregory von Greunack, bishop of Chur, Switzerland, has arrived in this country for the purpose of studying welfare work especially as conducted by Catholic institutions in the United States.

—Mr. Frank Simon, veteran editor of the *Katholischer Glaubensbote*, a German Catholic weekly published at Louisville, Ky., has just passed his fiftieth year in the editorial chair. Congratulations, Bro. Simon!

—St. Lawrence Church, at Asheville, N. C., which was consecrated on October 13, is the first church in North Carolina to receive consecration. Cardinal Gibbons with a number of bishops and other dignitaries was present. The Cardinal recounted his experiences as bishop of North Carolina fifty-one years ago.

—On Sunday, Oct. 4, St. Peter Cathedral, at Cincinnati, celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary or diamond jubilee of its dedication. Archbishop Moeller celebrated the Pontifical High Mass.

—In a campaign that has lasted eighteen months for a million-dollar fund with which to establish and endow Columbus College in the episcopal city, the Diocese of Sioux Falls has received pledges to the amount of \$1,054,000. The new college is to be opened next September.

—The Sisters of Charity, of Nazareth, Ky., have opened at 851 South Fourth Street, Louisville, Nazareth College, a school for women.

Benedictine

—The Cathedral at St. Joseph, Mo., has opened a Catholic free school with the Benedictine Sisters in charge.

—Rev. Alphonse Sausen, O. S. B., who is the newly appointed rector of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., replaces the Rev. Charles Cannon, O. S. B., who was forced by ill health to retire from office.

—The tombs of the Benedictine Saints Laurence, Mellitus, and Justus, who were the second, third, and fourth Archbishops of Canterbury, following St. Augustine or Austin, have been discovered on the site of the historic Abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury. In 1091 these bodies were translated to new shrines. These Saints were among the Benedictine monks that Pope St. Gregory the Great, who was himself a Benedictine, sent in the early part of the seventh century to Anglia to make angels of the Angles.

—On October 3 St. Agatha's splendid new church, at Portland, Ore., of which the Rev. John Cumiskey, O. S. B., is pastor, was blessed by Archbishop Christie, who also delivered the sermon. Rt. Rev. Titular Abbot Adelhelm, O. S. B., was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass. The choir was composed of members of St. Benedict's Abbey, Mt. Angel, Oregon, and Rt. Rev. Abbot Placidus, O. S. B., presided at the organ.

—The *St. Vincent College Journal*, published by the students of St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa., begins Volume XXX, Number 1, in a rather pretentious manner. The pages have been increased to 12 by 9 inches, double column, and artistic designs head the various departments. The *Journal* is well gotten up. Several other papers that come to our table are a credit to the colleges whence they hail.

—Rev. Patrick Martin, O. S. B., of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill., a newly ordained priest, offered up his First Holy Mass at St. John's Church, Peoria, on Sept. 12. Three brothers of the celebrant assisted at the Mass: Father Boniface Martin, O. S. B., was deacon; Rev. Charles Martin, was subdeacon, while Bro. William Martin, O. S. B., served as master of ceremonies. Father Patrick will take a postgraduate course in Rome at the Benedictine College.

—Two candidates for the clericate entered the novitiate and a brother candidate was invested on October 2, at St. Mary's Abbey, Richardton, N. D.

—At St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., four clerics were solemnly professed on Oct. 5 and five days later they received the diaconate from Bishop Trobet.

—Very Rev. Cassian Niebauer, O. S. B., prior of the Benedictine abbey at Seoul, Korea, is in the United States asking for alms that his community may be able to continue its good work among the inhabitants of the Orient. The Rev. Peter Klotz, O. S. B., noted novelist, is also here in behalf of his suffering countrymen in Austria.

Conception, Mo.—CONCEPTION ABBEY.—Rt. Rev. Frowin Conrad, O. S. B.,—with Cardinal Gibbons and Abbot Innocent Wolf, O. S. B., of Atchison, Kans., the only survivors of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore—celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on Nov. 2. His Lordship's recent trip to Rome to take part in the meeting of all the Presidents of various Congregations of the Order has greatly enfeebled him. The Abbots of the Swiss-American Congregation, under the presidency of the Rt. Rev. Frowin Conrad, held a General Chapter at Conception from Oct. 19 to 22. The principal business of the Chapter was to deliberate on the adaptation of the Constitutions or By-laws to the new Codex. Besides the President of the Congregation there were also present Rt. Rev. Athanasius Schmitt, St. Meinrad, Ind., Rt. Rev. Ignatius Conrad, Subjaco, Ark., Rt. Rev. Paul Schaeuble, St. Benedict, La., Rt. Rev. Placidus Fuerst, Mt. Angel, Ore., Rt. Rev. Placidus Hoenerbach, Richardton, N. D. The Chapter was opened with a Solemn Votive Mass to the Holy Ghost and was closed with a Pontifical High Mass.—Rt. F. Berthold, who has recovered from a surgical operation that necessitated the removal of the lower part of the left leg, which was diseased, now walks with an artificial limb.—Fr. Damian Cummins has gone to Rome, where he will make his theological studies at the Anselmianum, the International Benedictine College.

Paris, Ark.—NEW SUBJACO ABBEY.—Three clerics, *Fratres* Ignatius, Richard, and Eugene, were solemnly professed on Oct. 7. On the same day they received the clerical tonsure, and on the following days the four Minor Orders were conferred upon them successively.

—Rev. Anselm Kaelin, assistant at St. Edward's Church, Little Rock, has exchanged places with Rev. Alphonse Henn, professor at St. Mary's College, Richardton, N. D.



Children's Corner

Agnes Brown Hering



DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—November is with us again, wild, wary, windy, November. This month, with the feast of All Saints on the first and All Souls on the second, contains much of interest for us all. Then comes Armistice Day on the eleventh. How many of you know what that means? If you do not, then find out right away. The feast of the Presentation is observed on the twenty-first; and on the twenty-second we commemorate St. Cecilia the patron saint of music. One author says of her, "When the sweet tones of the organ poured forth under her inspired touch, the heavens were opened to St. Cecilia and the glories thereof were revealed." The poet Dryden has written an ode to St. Cecilia and in conclusion this is what he says:

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre,
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

Advent means coming and signifies the time of preparation for the coming of the Redeemer at Christmas. Let us prepare ourselves that our hearts may be a fit dwelling place for the Divine Infant on His natal Day.

Sir Galahad Heals the Maimed King

Galahad went to the spear which was on the table and touched the blood with his fingers. Then he anointed the legs of the Maimed King who was at once cured of his sickness, and he thanked God that he was well once more. About the hour of midnight, Galahad heard a voice which bade him, "Go ye hence where ye may best do as I shall bid you."

Galahad departed with Percivale and Bors and they journeyed three days until they came to the ship of which they had previously been informed.

When they entered they found the San Greal covered with red cloth. While they were in the ship they said to Galahad, "Sir, in this bed you ought to lie, for this is according to the scripture." Galahad lay down and slept and when he awoke he saw before him the city of Sarras.

When they landed they found the ship wherein lay the sister of Percivale. At the gate of the city was an infirm old man. Galahad bade him rise and help Percivale and Bors carry the table of silver which he had brought from the ship. The old man said he

could not for he had used crutches for ten years. But Galahad commanded him to arise and he was cured.

A great excitement arose in the city at this marvelous thing. The three knights then buried Percivale's sister.

Now the king of this city was a tyrant and he asked them what they brought upon the silver table. They told him the truth about the San Greal and he cast all three in prison, in a deep hole. Our Lord did not desert them but sent them the San Greal with which they were nourished while in prison.

At the end of the year the bad king died but he first freed the knights and asked their forgiveness. Then Galahad was made king of that city.

Next month we shall learn of the finding of the Holy Grail and the death of Galahad.

Thanksgiving Day

The Kitchen table's cluttered up
With sugar, flour, and spice,
And eggs, and candied orange peel
And other things as nice,
And father brings the gobbler in,
While mother's baking pie,
And Mollie takes it on her lap
And makes the feathers fly.

The twins are busy fetching wood
To heat the oven up,
And cousin Madge is measuring
Molasses in a cup,
And Dora with an apron on
The turkey stuffing makes,
While I am cutting rows and rows
Of fancy little cakes.

It's chop and beat and slice and mix
And bake and boil and brew
And sift and shake and stir and knead
And taste and try and stew.
We're sticky, floury, hot, and tired
But never felt so gay,
For look upon the calendar—
It is Thanksgiving Day.

—Catholic Northwest Progress.

Learn These Questions and Answers

How must an altar be prepared for Mass?

It must have three cloths on it.

Are these cloths all alike?

No. The top one must be long enough to cover the

altar table and reach almost to the bottom of the altar. The other cloths may be shorter. One cloth may be made to do for two by being folded two-ply, two thicknesses.

What is the meaning of three cloths?

The cloths represent the Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"In honor of the Trinity

The cloths shall number three."

What covers the altar stone?

A linen cloth saturated with wax is usually placed immediately over the altar-stone to preserve the altar cloths from dampness. This cloth is called a Chrismale.

His Cause for Thanks

SUSIE M. BEST

"What cause have you, my little boy,
For grateful 'thanks this season?"

Thus Johnny's mother questioned him
And listened for his reason.

Young Johnny's speech was short; his tones
Emphatic were and jerky.

"I'm very glad indeed," he said,
"That I am not a turkey."

The Song of the Seven Little Firs

A Firelight Story

The Wind Tells the Most Beautiful Story of All

LIVINGSTON B. MORSE in the *Delineator*

It was Christmas Eve. You all know what that means. The air tingled with the excitement of preparation; the sleigh-bells jingled their merriest tunes, and the crunch of the runners upon the snow told that it was deep and cold and well packed for the long holiday week. Lights were everywhere; the village was aglow with them. Even the tiniest shops twinkled a welcome through the falling snow, and every window held a tempting array of toys and sweets and goodies. The streets were thronged with busy people, intent on finishing their Christmas shopping; while high over the town and in the tree-tops, the Wind—the old, old Wind—sang, as he has sung for ages, the beautiful song, the angel chorus, "Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men—for this is Christmas, Christmas!"

Connie and Rob were toasting their toes by the Cozey-room fire before going to bed. The stockings were hanging from the chimney-piece, all ready for Santa Claus; and the children were wondering and speculating to their hearts' content about the treasures with which they were sure to find them filled in the morning.

"What will he bring? Oh, I wonder what he will bring!" cried Rob, jumping up and down and hugging Connie in his excitement. "Do you think he will bring me a stable with four horses, and a box of colored chalks, and a bag of marbles? I want four blue ones,

Connie—the kind that has squiggly worms inside—you know, like Grandma has on her solitaire board; 'n' a box of magnet toys, to sail in a basin, with two ducks, Connie two, 'n' a boat, 'n' a lizard—oh, oh, oh! Do you think I'll get 'em all? Do you, Connie? Do you?" And Rob danced all about his sister, punctuating his raptures with sundry kisses delivered indiscriminately upon Connie's cheeks and nose and forehead.

"Rob, Rob, do keep still and behave sensibly; you won't sleep a wink to-night," laughed Connie. "And just think, if you should stay awake, Santa Claus wouldn't come down the chimney at all. How dreadful that would be!"

But Rob paid not the slightest heed to her warning. Putting his lips close to her ear, he whispered mysteriously:

"I peeped into the parlor, Connie, just before supper. The door was on a crack, and I pushed it the weeniest mite further, and put just the tip, tip—see, just that much—of my nose in. And oh, the parlor felt so dark and cold—I was almost frightened, I can tell you, Connie. There was a big white sheet tacked down on the middle of the floor—you know, just like last year. But the tree was there! It had really come! Just think of that! It was so big and tall that it reached way, way up to the ceiling; and it smelled so cedary and piney—but I couldn't see if there were things on it, 'cause it was so dark—only a sparkle 'n' a twinkle here and there. Do you s'pose the things were on it, Connie? Do they grow that way?" and Rob pinched his sister's cheeks with both hands and gazed into her face with the most beguiling smile in the world.

"Come here, you little rascal; you'll get your death of cold, capering about like that," laughed Connie, catching him into her lap and tucking his flannel nightgown about his bare little toes. "Cuddle down here by the fire, and I'll tell you a story to quiet you before you go to sleep."

"What about, Connie?" questioned Rob, with wide-open eyes wandering up the chimney for possible glimpse of Santa Claus; "about Christmas?"

"Yes, about Christmas, if you like. A real Christmas story about the little firs and spruces that grow out there in the cold forest waiting to become Christmas trees."

"With presents growing on 'em?" demanded Rob, always with an eye for the practical.

"No; the presents don't grow on them, Rob. Would you like to know what the presents really mean, and how, long, long ago, they first came to the Christ Child, lying in the manger, when the beautiful star came out of the East, and the angels sang the Hallelujah to the shepherds?"

The snow fell softly without, beating with muffled taps upon the window-panes and decking the world in a fair white robe for Christmas morning. Overhead the Wind sang softly through the trees, and now and then ducked down the chimney in a puff of smoke, just

to see if all were well, and set the flames a flickering and the shadows dancing upon the walls. The children sat upon the hearth-rug in the quiet, fire-lit room, Rob with his head in his sister's lap and her sweet face bending over him. And he never quite understood—for he was almost asleep, you see—whether it was she or the Wind—the Wind from the cool forest, the old, old Wind, that travels everywhere and knows everything, who sang to him the Song of the Seven Firs.

"Whe-w-w-w!" sang the Wind as he swept over the hilltops, where the great trees, bent almost to the point of breaking, roared an angry answer as he passed. "Whe-w-w-w! a cold night, this, and long. The lake must be frozen hard as crystal, and the snow must have a crust so thick and strong that it will bear up the sledge and deer, so the peasant may draw in the wood from the forest for his Winter fire. Whe-w-w-w!" he sang as he passed the hillside nook where the Seven Little Firs grew close together, as if by huddling they hoped to keep warm.

"Whe-w-w-w!" they answered him in shrill baby voices. "Whe-w-w-w! Is it you, old Wind? Then stay a while and tell us a story; for of all things in the world we love your stories the best."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the Wind boisterously. "Am I to stop my work just for the sake of amusing you? Well, because you are such obedient children and always take pains to remember the stories that I relate, I will teach you a new story—a new song that shall be more beautiful than all the others; a song that you are to learn and to sing all your lives through. Do you know what night this is, you little ones? This is Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve! And what, pray, dear Wind, may Christmas Eve be?" cried all the little Firs in concert. For, you see, out there in the cold forests of the North they had never heard of Christmas.

"Christmas Eve is the most wonderful eve of the year," answered the Wind. "For it was then that the Christ Child was born, and the Wise Men from the East brought gifts to lay at his feet and worshipped him as their King and Saviour."

"Oh, is it to be about the giving of gifts! Then it will be a merry tale, surely," cried the Seven Little Firs, rustling their branches excitedly—for you see that was the only way they had of clapping their hands.

"No, it is not exactly a merry tale," said the Wind; "it is a beautiful song that you must sing all the days of your life, when you grow up and become Christmas trees and go out into the world to perform your work. Promise me, Little Firs, that you will never, never forget it."

The Little Firs promised and the Wind began:

"A long, long time ago," said the Wind, "there dwelt in a land far off, to the south—in Arabia—a beautiful maiden called Nefia, near of kin to the chieftain of the tribe. Nefia was betrothed to a youth named Gaspar, who tended his flocks of goats and horses in the fertile plains that lay like islands in the desert.

Though he followed the humble calling of a shepherd, Gaspar was sprung from a princely family—the Korishites—the keepers of the holy shrine or Kaaba, in Mecca, where was the sacred black stone which, legend says, an angel gave to Abraham.

"There was a tradition which told that to one of that family a marvellous sign should be given: a star should come out of the East. And when that star shone forth, he to whom it should appear must leave all and follow it, taking with him his most precious possession to offer at the feet of the King to whom the star should lead him—a King born to rule the nations and to whom all men must do homage. This treasure was an Oriental pearl of wondrous brilliancy and lustre.

"Through all the reverses of fortune which the family had experienced, the pearl had been saved. Now it had fallen to the heritage of Gaspar, who, in accordance with the commands of the prophecy, kept watch nightly for the heavenly sign.

"One evening Gaspar and Nefia sat beside a clear well in the shadow of the palm trees beneath which the Arab tents were pitched. Sitting there, hand in hand, alone in the star-light, while from afar, at the edge of the desert, came to them the wild melody of the Bedouin songs, they talked together softly of what they would do through all the happy, happy years to come.

"Suddenly, within the still pool at their feet, there bloomed a water-lily with a heart of fire—the jewelled image of a star; and looking up, they beheld in the eastern heavens, a new star, unlike to any they had seen before. It was brighter and larger and clearer; and from the points of its long rays of light waved out athwart the heavens; and in the centre of it was the figure of a little child bearing a cross.

"Gaspar and Nefia fell upon their knees. As they gazed in awe and wonder, the star paled and grew smaller until it was but a point of light, a little larger, only, than the surrounding stars; and there it rested, half-way up the eastern sky.

"'It is a sign from the gods: an omen,' whispered Nefia, drawing nearer to Gaspar.

"'It is the fulfillment of the prophecy,' said Gaspar solemnly. Then he told her of the ancient prediction, and how he who should see the star must follow it until it led him to the spot where the new King was to be found.

"'My uncle, the astrologer, knows all the stars,' answered Nefia, 'yet have I never heard him speak of this.'

"'Nay he knows not of this one,' replied Gaspar; 'for it heralds the coming of the God of a new faith who shall be born King of the World.'

"'I must travel whithersoever the star leadeth. The prophecy tells that there are to be two others with me; though where we are to meet I know not yet. We are to journey on together; and when we are come to the palace of the King, I am to lay at his feet, with a gift of frankincense the pearl that thou hast sometimes

seen me wear—the pearl which was among the gifts that the Queen of Sheba brought to the great King Solomon.’

“The pearl—thy most precious possession!” cried Nefia.

“He took her into his arms and gazed with infinite tenderness into her eyes. ‘My most prized possession is thy love for me,’ he said.

“‘And how long before thou wilt return?’

“‘Of that I know nothing; only be faithful to me until I come to thee again.’

“He kissed her on the lips and eyes; then he went away into the night, and, hastily putting together food and raiment for the journey, he placed the wondrous pearl in a silken bag together with a richly carved box of the perfume called frankincense—which it, according to Eastern custom, laid upon the altar of a divinity; having packed his goods upon a swift Arabian steed, he fled across the desert, following the guidance of the star.

“Now it happened that, at the same time, there dwelt in a country to the East called Persia, a mighty king, Melchior, a man of venerable presence, who was also high priest of his nation. To him, as to Gaspar, had there been handed down a tradition which told that a King still greater than he should be born, a King at whose feet he who should receive the sign must bow in worship, and whose birth should be heralded by the shining of a new star in the heavens. When this new star shone forth, he in whose watch it should appear must make all haste to follow its guidance to the spot indicated, and there do homage to the new King, bearing with him his most precious treasures of jewels and of gold as gifts worthy to be offered to a sovereign.

“The grave Melchior and eleven others of the high priests, or magi, went up each night, in turn, to the top of a high mountain called the Mount of Victory; and after repeating a prayer and washing themselves in pure water they watched reverently for the coming of the star.

“Now, above all things Melchior the king loved wealth. His great treasure house was heaped high with precious stones, and he knew no greater delight than to feast his eyes upon them. Each twelfth night he watched in his turn, outwardly obedient; but in his heart he secretly hoped that it might not be he who should discover the star; for he could not bear the thought of leaving his precious treasury to be rifled in his absence.

“One never-to-be-forgotten night—a night when it was Melchior’s turn to watch—the new star shone in the East; the star that Gaspar had seen; the star wherein the child appeared bearing a cross of light. Melchior knew at once that the call had come to him; and now that it had come, hard as it was to him to leave his valued wealth, there was no thought in his mind to shirk the duty laid upon him. Descending from the Mount of Victory, he hastily prepared for his journey, having gathered together much gold and a

superb diamond which he deemed the priceless jewel of his treasury. It was not really the diamond which he valued; it was his kingdom and his great wealth. But Melchior did not realize this fact. Ordering a camel to be made ready, with but half a dozen attendants, who were to accompany him only to the Persian border, the king rode away in haste toward the place to which the star pointed.

“To the southwest of Persia and most of the desert of Arabia lies Egypt. The Egyptian people had long ago been conquered by the Persians, then by the Greeks and later by the Romans; and there was in the army of the Roman Emperor, in Egypt, a great conqueror and general of renown called Balthazar. Of the lineage of the ancient kings was he, and though he served the Roman Emperor faithfully, it was with a rebellious heart, for he longed to see once more the royal line of Egypt seated upon her throne. From his boyhood his great ambition, the one aim of his life, had been the acquisition of power and renown; without these how could he hope ever to free his country from the foreign yoke? With that purpose ever before him, step by step he had mounted from rank to rank, higher and higher, by dint of striving and by deeds of prowess, in the calling that he had chosen until he had become the greatest warrior in the land; and in commemoration of his many victories over the fierce barbarians along the desert frontier, he had received from the Emperor’s own hand a great ruby, which he always wore suspended from a chain about his neck.

“The ruby was his most prized possession; for it represented not only great wealth in gold, but his ambition, the acknowledgment of his power as a conqueror, and his triumph over his rival Ahmes—another great Egyptian general, against whom he had long striven.

“One night, as he lay in his tent, Balthazar had a dream. He dreamed that there came to him one in bright raiment, having an aureole about his head, who greeted him with grave benignity and bade him arise, saying:

“‘Go thou, Balthazar, whither a new star of which the astrologers will tell thee shall direct—thou and two others with thee. And take with thee thy most precious possession as a gift to lay at the feet of the new-born King whom thou shalt find and who is thy sovereign and sovereign of the world for all time to come. Bear with thee also gifts of myrrh against his burial; for to thy lot shall it fall to typify his death.’

“Balthazar awoke with trouble in his heart because of this strange dream. He had no wish to obey the command given him by the angel, nor could he bring himself to surrender his precious ruby which the Roman Emperor had given him, and which he valued more highly than his life. But that was not all. Should he absent himself from the army at this time, there would arise the opportunity for his rival, Ahmes, to succeed to his position. Greatly troubled to mind, he consulted the astrologers; and lo! they pointed out to him the new star, that of which the angel had told him.

"Balthazar pondered long upon this matter, pacing up and down upon the sands before his tent. When the night came he had decided. Summoning his servant, he made him make preparation for a journey; and before the dawn broke again, mounted upon their patient camels, they were crossing the sandy plains in the direction indicated by the star.

"At this time Gaspar and Melchior were also upon their way, and after many days and nights of travel the three divinely appointed ones met one evening in a wild pass upon the mountainous borders of Palestine. As they journeyed on in company through the wastes of Palestine, they conversed in hushed voices, questioning one another concerning the manner in which the message had been conveyed to each.

(To be continued)

The Clerical Oblate and the Benedictine Order

(Continued from page 212)

is forever coming in contact with others, who expect to deal with a perfect gentleman. Of charity we need hardly speak; for his whole life is spent in its service: what else is it to administer the Sacraments, visit the sick, comfort sinners, preach incessantly the Word of God, and so forth? Finally prudence ought to be one of his most carefully studied virtues; for, since he comes in touch with so many and diverse persons, of both sexes, it behooves him to be exceedingly prudent, lest by any manner of error he fall into some trap, especially regarding holy purity.

Behold, this is the 'bastion' of which Abbot Guerangér speaks; this is what he means by 'identifying' oneself with the spirit of the Benedictine Order; this is the signification of his words when he says that the priest who desires to lead a life as an Oblate should mould his manners as closely as possible upon the Gospel teaching.

But there is one more point to which the far-seeing Abbot calls attention, namely, that the clerical Oblate should make it his heartfelt endeavor "to live the very life of Holy Church." It has always been the prerogative of Benedictine communities to carry out in all their splendor daily the rubrics of the Holy Mass and the Divine Office. As to the Divine Office, the clerical Oblate says that privately for himself, and his devotion is rather interior; however, he ought to try to follow the feasts and the offices in a special manner, living into each day its proper antiphons, psalms, etc. As to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, he ought to always endeavor to let the people see as much of these edifying ceremonies as possible, and performed as perfectly as possible. It is wonderful what a strong influence this feature exerts over the generality of people, as well as over the private life of the priest himself; for if he ought to preserve good order in anything, it ought to be in the holy ceremonies of the altar and whatever is connected therewith.

In conclusion, let us remind ourselves that there can never be 'identification' or unity anywhere, unless those

who are joined together, also work together. It ought to be a pleasure both for the Benedictine and for the Oblate to work one for the other, to speak one for the other, yea in the very thoughts to sympathize one with the other. Of what profit will it be to the monastery of affiliation or to the whole Order, as well as to the Oblates themselves, if, instead of working for, we work against each other? "But if you bite and devour one another," said St. Paul to the Galathians, "take heed you be not consumed one of another" (5:15). There is nothing stronger than unity, but nothing weaker than discord. The Oblate's affiliation with a Benedictine monastery ought to be a holy friendship, for Christ and in Christ; sealed by the performance of his Oblate duties on the one hand, and by the daily reception of the monastery's spiritual gifts (participation in its prayers and good works) on the other. A friendship that is void of mutual good will is no friendship, but rather a danger for both parties. But a friendship cemented by mutual good will is a bulwark of spiritual strength to each side.

Thanksgiving—Gratitude

(Continued from page 195)

awful, unnecessary and stupidly blotting out of the lives of countless women and little children. That these should suffer so, who had done the rest of the world no harm, who played no part in the war, who had never, perhaps, caused a hurt to any human being; that they should slowly starve to death, not in war time, not when the city was in a state of siege, but now nearly two years after the war came to an end, when the sea is covered with ships as never before, when our crops of grain are greater than at any time and when the cattle cover almost every hillside, seems almost unthinkable.

Petitions have been sent out from New York by the American Relief Committee for Sufferers in Austria. The appeal bears these words of Archbishop Hayes of New York:

The divine law of charity urges us to succor stricken humanity, wherever we see helpless men and women, especially little children, dying for want of food, clothing, and medical care.

Austria now appeals not as a great nation, nor as a military power, nor as a foe, but as a scourged and afflicted people. Let not the lofty impulse that called America to arms fail to arouse our beloved country to the highest possible service of peace, namely, charity in word and deed to all mankind.

Principal Source of Income

(Continued from page 211)

\$200.00 net gain. We are publishing this for the benefit of other units who may have a chance to do something along the same line. We would call their attention to the fact that at present waste paper is commanding the handsome price of \$5.00 per hundred pounds.

Mission Lectures

We have received several applications for our mission lectures but they are not so numerous as not to permit of more. If you desire to have one of these

illustrated lectures sent to your unit, send us your application in the near future. We have four such lectures in circulation: one on the missions in general, one on the Chinese Missions, one on the Philippine Missions, and the fourth on the Negro Missions in Africa. Stereoptican slides of scenes connected with these lectures, and, if you so desire, a projector will also be furnished. The only expense to you will be the cost of transportation from your unit to the next.

Abbey Chronicle

SEPT. 25. Bro. Raphael, for many years our efficient "house brother," is partially lamed as the result of a light stroke of paralysis.

OCT. 1. The beautiful October devotion, with hymn, exposition, Rosary, and Benediction, begins today.

OCT. 2. During the past night Jack Frost made his advance call to announce a new line of "fall" goods. He put up at Mother Nature Inn, where he signed his name in the register with chalk dust or similar preparation which he carries along for the purpose. Fortunately he let us off easy this time, for he left no ruin in his wake. We are grateful for this speedy departure and wish him *bon voyage!*

OCT. 3. While "listening in" today on the wireless, Father Columban heard the spoken word.

OCT. 5. Father Simon Barber, O. S. B., pastor at Huntingburg, came over in company with Rev. F. Hoeling, chaplain at St. Edward's Hospital, New Albany. Father Hoeling will spend some days in retreat.

John Somes, College '98-'99, in company with Robert Sullivan, down from Vincennes to visit his "ancient" friends.

OCT. 10. During a ball game this afternoon between the St. Meinrad Tigers and the students, Robert Becher, of the Tigers, while running bases, fell in such a manner as to injure one of his legs. When subjected to the X-ray in Father Columban's laboratory, the bone appeared not to be broken.—We might add, by the way, but quite confidentially, that the Tigers have won several games from our boys. How the tide has changed and the tables have turned! O shades of ye ancients! Pill twirlers of a past generation! Arise! Shake off the gloom that encircles you! Come back and restore to us the captive laurels!

OCT. 11. Father Roman, O. S. B., assistant at Jasper, and Rev. Mathias Weiland, class of '08, pastor at Dubois, were in our midst for a short time.

OCT. 13. Father Abbot departed for Conception, Missouri, where the abbots of our Congregation will meet next week in General Chapter. The harmonizing of our statutes with the new Code, and other weighty matters are to be considered. Rt. Rev. Abbot Frowin, of Conception, President of the Congregation, has but recently returned from Rome where he attended the General Chapter of the Presidents of the various Benedictine Congregations.

OCT. 14. The Forty Hours' Devotion opens today in the Abbey Church. In most of the churches of our land the Forty Hours' Devotion is merely a Eucharistic Triduum, with us, however, it is forty hours of continual worship. During the entire night priests, clerics, brothers, and seminarians, take their hours of adoration the same as during the day.

OCT. 16. Band master F. Thomas has gone to Evansville to hear Sousa's famous band.

OCT. 19. Accompanied by Rev. Raymond Mellen, assistant at the Old Cathedral, Vincennes, Rev. J. F. McCarthy, pastor of Bridgeport, Ill., who has just re-

turned from a three months' trip to Ireland, appeared before the assembled community to relate his experiences and tell us how he found things "across the pond."—Our heart goes out in sympathy to the down-trodden Irish suffering under British misrule.—Music preceded and followed the lecture. The Seminary Orchestra played "Along the Rocky Road to Dublin" and "Mother Machree." John Geran sang "The Soldier's Song" and Lawrence FitzSimon, "Wrap up the Green."

OCT. 24. Gerald Gettelfinger, of First Latin, was taken to Louisville to undergo a surgical operation.

OCT. 27. Rev. Edward Eisenman is a welcome visitor from Perry County.

OCT. 28. Feast of Sts. Simon and Jude, Apostles. At the Conventual High Mass this morning we were edified to hear the first fruits of the newly organized singing classes. After the Offertory the seminarians sang in unison the inspiring hymn *Salve Mater*. This is the first step towards congregational singing. Let the good work prosper.

OCT. 28. Frank Duffy, of Indianapolis, is visiting his sons Joseph, of Second Theology, and George, of First Latin.

The dress rehearsal of Old Black Joe-Land Minstrel, put on by the seminarians, called forth many rounds of applause. The vocal selections were good. The entertainment will be presented to the public on Oct. 31 and Nov. 7. While the minstrels probably did not outshine the Al G. Field Minstrels, they deserve recognition for their creditable performance. The seminarians are raising funds with which to put a new floor on their basket ball court, as well as for other improvements that they are making. The Minstrel is a means to that end.

OCT. 30. After attending the General Chapter of the Swiss-American Congregation at Conception, Mo., where he also held the Canonical Visitation, as well as at Subjaco, Ark., the Rt. Rev. Abbot is home again. His Lordship was accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Conrad, O. S. B., Abbot of Subjaco, who will hold the Canonical Visitation which opens this afternoon.

Mrs. Frank Thuis has come for a visit with her three sons, who are members of the community.

Father Ildephonse, O. S. B., who is teaching at Jasper College, arrived this evening to stay with us until he has cast his vote for the new President. Several students accompanied him.

—Rev. Joseph Gettelfinger, class of '20, has been appointed pastor of Payneville, Ky.

—Dr. Carl Abell, College '06-'08, is now assistant to Dr. Asman at Louisville.

—Rev. Victor A. Sullivan, class of '18, assistant at St. Joseph's Church, San Antonio, Texas, since his ordination, has been appointed to the recently opened St. John's Seminary at San Antonio.

—Albert T. Rumbach, College '11-'15, editor of the *Jasper Herald*, was married on Oct. 20, at St. Nicholas Church, Chicago, to Cecilia Kramer. THE GRAIL tenders its heartiest "Long may you live and happy may you be" to Mr. and Mrs. Rumbach.

—Rev. Gregory Henninger, ordained in 1919, has been transferred from New Leipzig, N. D., to Dickinson, which was for some years under the pastoral care of Father Claude M. Ebner, O. S. B., who died in 1904.

—October, before elections, is the season when politicians mature. As usual a number of these gentlemen called to plead their cause as well as for our patronage. Among others who presented themselves we might mention Carlton McCulloch, who was introduced as "their presumptive"—on the Democratic ticket—to the Governor's throne. Four days later Hon. O. R. Lühring, Representative from our district, made a rousing speech on the Wilsonian League of Nations. We wondered what the frequent applause was indicative of.

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As we look thru the windows of our comfortable homes in this great and happy land we see passing before us thousands of helpless children, the innocent victims of the greatest war that ever afflicted humanity. It matters not that our eyes must stretch across three thousand miles of ocean. There they are and we can hear them and see them if we wish. We hear their piteous cry for bread, we see their tiny arms stretched towards us, and their longing eyes upon us, wondering whether we will share with them the good things with which God has blessed us, or whether we will turn from them and let them starve and freeze. Good heavens! what father's heart or what mother's love can bear to see this army of little sufferers, God's own little children, orphaned by the death of fathers who fell on the field of battle, and not be moved?

The mind grows dumb and the heart sickens as we constantly read these recitals of human suffering. Reflecting upon the awful fate awaiting these little ones if aid is not speedily forthcoming, the hot blood surges up within us, and we feel it our imperative duty to use all the power God has given us to alleviate their suffering and to avert the grim spectre of death now stalking among them in the form of hunger and cold.

In behalf of these starving children the Benedictine Fathers of St. Meinrad Abbey open a BREAD FUND. They beg, they entreat, they beseech each one who shall read these lines to contribute as much as possible. Thousands of dollars are needed and are needed quickly. Give, give quickly, give generously, for the love of the Divine Friend who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." "According to thy ability be merciful. If thou have much give abundantly, if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little." Each donation you make or succeed in having others to make will be a star of glory in an eternal crown.

The Fathers will bear all expense of collecting and forwarding the money, so that each penny you contribute will be sent to these little sufferers. Address your contribution to

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